This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

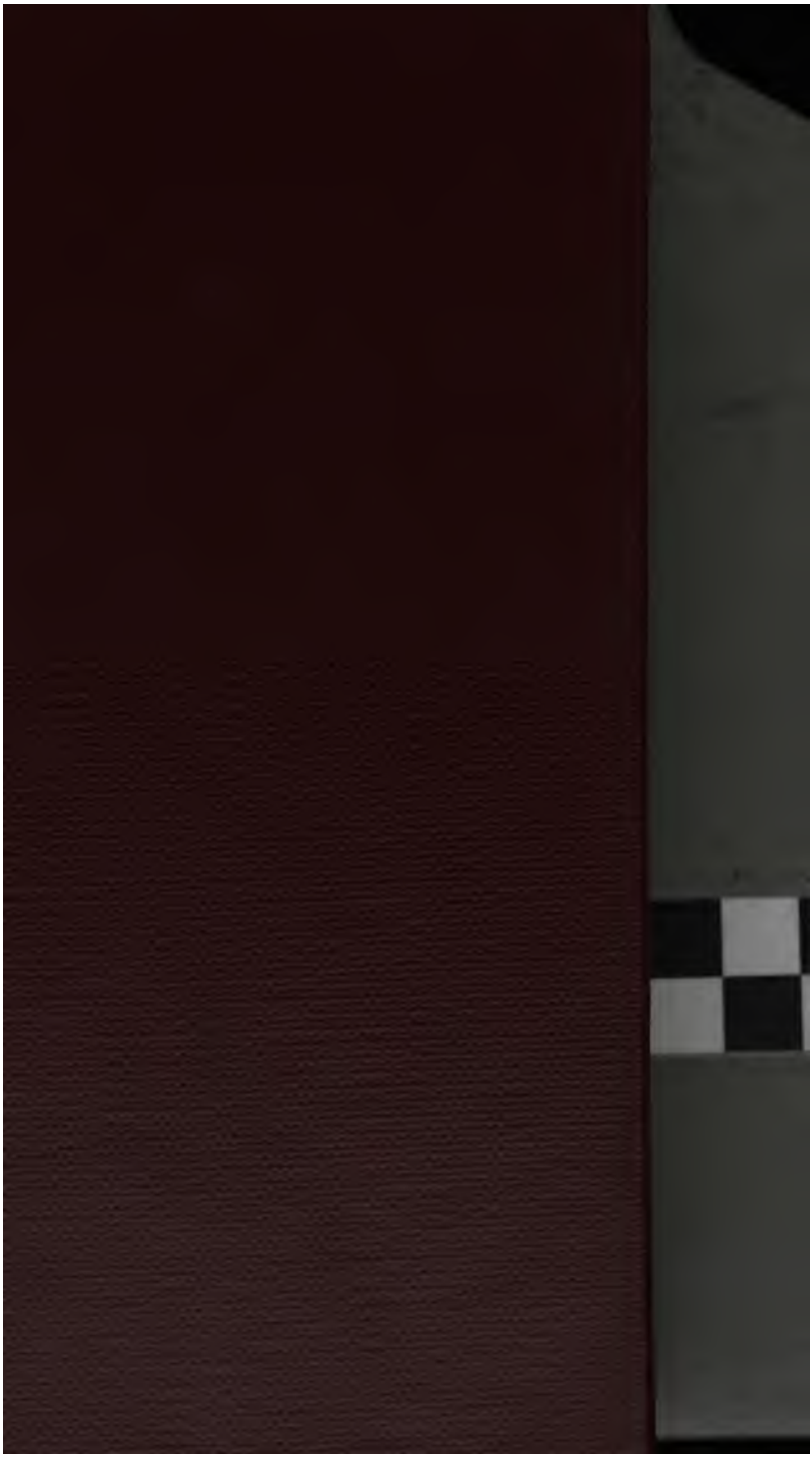
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



24 78.13

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE
Subscription Fund
BEGUN IN 1858

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

REV. GEORGE CROLY,

A.M. H.R.S.L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

(1)

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

1847.8.13

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEC 18 1916
SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916
(2 vols)

LONDON:
G. WOODFALL, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Poems in these volumes were written chiefly in the period between 1816 and 1823. The former part of the poem of "PARIS IN 1815" was written immediately after a visit to that capital, while it was in possession of the Allies; the latter part at some interval. The remaining poems were occasional, and written as other and more important pursuits allowed.

They are now collected, for the first time.

LONDON, 1830.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

GEMS.

Page

Pericles and Aspasia.....Vol. I. 253
The Genius of Death..... 256
Woman Contemplating a Household God..... 259
Leonidas..... 261
Castor and Pollux..... 264
Cupid Breaking the Thunderbolt..... 265
A Faun..... 267
Cupid Carrying Provisions..... 269
Sappho..... 272
Diana..... 274
Genius Bound..... 275
Bacchus on a Panther..... 277
Theseus..... 278
A Triton and Nereid..... 279
Atalanta..... 282
Silenus looking at a Goblet..... 283
Venus Clipping the Wings of Cupid..... 285
Flora..... 287
The Education of Bacchus..... 289
Pindar..... 290

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page

PARIS IN 1815. Part I. 1

Notes 61

——————— Part II. 79

Notes 133

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS 149

On the Bust of the late Queen of Prussia, in the King's Chamber at Berlin, 1812 156

Noon 159

The Pen. From the Greek of Tzetzes 161

The Poet's Hour 163

CZERNI GEORGE 166

THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD. An Arabian Tale 177

Notes 219

Page

On the Grave of Major Schill; on the Glacis of Stralsund..... 227

On the Death of Orpheus. From the Greek of Antipater 230

SANDT, THE MURDERER..... 232

GEMS, FROM THE ANTIQUE.

Pericles and Aspasia..... 253

The Genius of Death..... 256

A Woman contemplating a Household God..... 259

Leonidas..... 261

Castor and Pollux..... 264

Cupid breaking the Thunderbolt..... 265

A Faun..... 267

Cupid carrying Provisions..... 269

Sappho..... 272

Diana..... 274

Genius bound..... 275

Bacchus on a Panther..... 277

Theseus..... 278

A Triton and Nereid..... 279

Atalanta..... 282

Silenus looking at a Goblet..... 283

Venus clipping the Wings of Cupid..... 285

Flora..... 287

The Education of Bacchus..... 289

Pindar..... 290

Notes..... 297

Page

Inscription for an Antique Casket, containing a Ring..... 307

The Battle Song. From the Greek of Tyrtæus..... 309

Death. From the Greek of Agathias..... 311

THE MAGIC LAMP..... 312

Nelson's Pillar at Yarmouth. Written by the Sea-side.. 320

The Indian Girl and Serpent. From a Picture by Stewardson..... 322

A Sketch from Life..... 326

On a Grave at Waterloo..... 328

On a Portrait, by Masquerier, of a Lady standing before a Glass..... 330

Inscription on an Urn..... 332

Seguidilla..... 334

Napoleon, 1820..... 336

The Winter Evening. From the Greek..... 342

An Æstuary. A calm Evening..... 344

Midnight. Written on the Sea-shore near a Light-house 345

PARIS IN 1815.

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

" Nulla quies intus. . . . .
Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis.
Atria turba tenet, veniunt leve vulgus, euntque,
E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus auras,
Hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor."

OVID. METAM. XII.

PREFACE.

THE French Revolution was the most stupendous transaction of Europe since the Christian Æra; and its close, in the year 1815, the most memorable of all triumphs, not simply as the display of great military skill, or noble national effort; not as a splendid decision of the question of rival prowess on the greatest of its fields, but as a triumph of principle; of good over evil; of the spirit of peace and good-will over the spirit of war and darkness; of freedom over systematic and insatiable tyranny.

The preternatural ambition, magnitude, and strength of the French empire, the suddenness and completeness

of its overthrow, and the immediate and involuntary connexion of the catastrophe, in the general mind, with the interference of more than human power, gave the war a character distinct from all the conflicts of nations. It was in all its parts and principles a *Sacred War.*

The first stone of the Revolution was laid in *impiety.* For the first time in Christian history a whole people was seen rejecting all knowledge of God, and following this tremendous abjuration to its consequence in hostility to his creatures. France rushed back into the wilderness of two thousand years, threw off her habits of religion and life, and, once more pagan and savage, poured down on the defences of the civilized world. She took for her policy and her faith the two terrors of our nature, war and annihilation, and stood in the centre of Europe, like a great embodying of evil, brandishing in one hand defiance against this world, and in the other against the world to come. Of all the conflicts of the earth, there was none in which the

heart of man was so smitten down by utter hopelessness, or in which he more instinctively looked to Heaven; none in which victory was more attributed to its mercy, or defeat to its displeasure; none in which the cause of Providence seemed to be so much bound up with the freedom of nations; and none in which the final ruin and explosion seemed so much to scatter away the clouds that hang round the chain of destiny.

The history of the French Revolution was written "for our learning," and it forms a document of the highest importance to all who are to be taught by the experience of great public calamity.

The project of Universal Reform was the ruin of the French throne. The nation rushed out with a giddy joy to drag this pregnant and towering mischief, the "*fatale donum*," within their walls. In the extravagance of the hour they broke down the old, constitutional bulwarks, to give it entrance. The few, who, with tardy wisdom, dared to doubt, were persecuted as impious; and the day's triumph concluded in

weariness and wondering, in feasts and drunkenness, in insolent rejoicing and torpid security.

> . . . Ruit oceano nox,
> Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque,
> Myrmidonumque dolos: fusi per mœnia Teucri.

The palace and the guardians of the established order slept, but there were others at that moment girding on the sword. Then came the tumult and the bloodshed. The ancient halls of the state were filled at the instant with strange faces and weapons. The temple was entered only for the murder of the priest; liberty was deified, only to be trampled upon; the palace was thrown open only for the multitude to see the gentle and exhausted representative of the royal majesty of France perishing by its last altar.

In France the instrument of revolution was simple and one, the Populace. Nothing but a passion for improbability could make us presume the friends of order to have commenced the contest with inferior genius or

conduct to those of their antagonists. Their leaders were men accustomed to the transaction of the higher affairs of the state, they had the mastery of the political, legal, and spiritual knowledge of France; and their general body had all the literature, and manly accomplishment of an advanced civilization; those are powerful weapons. The revolutionists committed the perpetual blunders which belong to ferocity and ignorance. If the contest had been carried on in the legislature alone, rebellion must have perished at the first onset; the rude ambition of the demagogues must have been rode over and beaten to the earth by the armed and disciplined intellect of that royal and noble knighthood. But the summoning of the populace put an end to all rational contest. The intellect that might save, was broken down by the furious passions that could only uproot and ruin. Even the political discipline of the king's friends accelerated their overthrow, in a state of things too wild, headlong, and destroying, to be resisted by any thing less than a strength as ferocious

and irregular as its own. Nothing but madness could have been equal to withstand the shock of that unchained madness. When the old fastenings of the earth were loose, and the ground was tossing like waves under the foot, solidity and firmness were only the surer ruin.

The history of the popular revolution hurries on. The first fury of democracy had cooled, but the decay of riot was supplied only by more systematic and remorseless execution. The "orb new risen", which was to enlighten the world in the extinction of its old, legitimate splendours, rose only the more fearful as it left its early belt of clouds and storms; till in its meridian it plunged into central gloom, and looked down, a full disk of blood.

The "Sovereign People", established on its throne, instinctively chose murderers for its ministers; Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, three heads that might have kept the gates of Tartarus. Then began the day of tribulation. The king's blood was spilled; and from that

hour the scaffold was red for years. France was delivered over to a reprobate mind, and she rushed out into a drunken prodigality of crime.

She had no Sabbath, no Scripture, no Soul, no God. Yet she had one abomination more, to astonish the world, a crime to which even the darkness of heathenism had never stooped; in the presence of mankind, by a solemn act of her people and her legislature, she worshipped a public harlot. This was Religion in the hands of the populace; their philosophic government more cruel than tyranny, their philosophic religion more benighted than paganism. The guilt of France was now accomplished. She was suffered and spared no longer. The hope of freedom was torn from her. She was abandoned to the inflictions of a despotism, that, worse than the Egyptian plague, smote her first-born from year to year. An evil phantom of glory was sent before her, only to lead her deeper into the desert. Then, the final retribution came. That spectral and ominous shape of

military fame sank into the earth; and the infidel that had defied the Living God, was driven back with protracted defeat and misery, with innumerable wounds streaming in succession upon her, step after step stripped of armour and spoils, and renown and courage, till at last the corpse was flung into the grave. The Jacobin Empire was no more. This was the dominion of the populace urged to its consummation. But the noblest contrast of the prosperity of a religious and loyal people was to be found by its side.

Perhaps no nation has ever been so openly led by the hand into the highest place of glory, as England, from the commencement of this century. She had been forced into war only by the revolutionary ambition which proclaimed war against every civilized power. In her station, war could not have been escaped. It was enough for her to have stood upon the earth, to be plunged into a darkness, which came like night, overshadowing all its kingdoms. She went on, still protected. She was the only nation that, in the midst of universal

overthrow, never suffered a signal calamity in arms. She had the blessing of the prophet; In the midst of her warfare, "Peace was within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces." She purchased her warlike renown by no interruption of her native pursuits; she did not lose a single step in science, in accomplished literature, in noble discovery, in munificent charity;—while her walls were beleaguered with the warfare of the world, she held her gates open day and night to the exile and the fallen. Like an earthly providence, she "cared for all."

In the very whirlwind of her wrath, she provided for the loftiest interests of man,—her fleets of war spread the Scriptures round the globe. To those who saw that time of the distress and perplexity of nations, men's hearts failing them for fear, and the mighty of the earth calling to the caves and mountains to hide them,—England, stately and unshaken, standing in a towering and solitary splendour which grew with the deepening of the storm, her hand stretched out unweariedly to save, and her serene eye fixed on Hea-

ven, might have looked less like a being exposed to the common convulsion and decay, than the conscious minister and angel of a superior throne, a being beyond the touch of casualty, impassive and immortal.

Paris, at all times a singular and striking city, had in the latter part of the year 1815 more objects for curiosity than it ever had before, or probably will ever have again. Its public places were crowded with all the armies of Europe. Every man of whom we had been conceiving portraits through the cloud and tumult of the war, was to be met face to face in the streets. The costumes and countenances of almost every tribe from the Atlantic to the Chinese Sea were to be seen at every step. Paris was the head-quarters of three monarchs, the greatest military powers of the world; and was in the immediate possession of the British troops, the only army that had gone on from glory to glory without a shade between. The city was at that moment a camp, but a camp which

contained the military and diplomatic mind of Europe —a camp of heroes and cabinets. Yet to those who might not feel interested by the displays of human magnificence, there were more stately contemplations. It seemed as if a day of final retribution had commenced: they stood in view of the scaffold of Atheistic power; Napoleon's glory had perished like a meteor; and for that guilty, mystic, unreal splendour, had risen a broad light of truth and peace which, fed from sources beyond the reach of human passions, seemed destined to shine for ever. It was difficult to conceive that this stately summoning of the world's strength was for the mere purposes of parade. The impulse was so deep, universal, and capable of producing such permanent and mighty effects on the future, that it was natural to believe that Europe was not thus called up as from the grave, with the voice of "thunders and the trumpet", to return to its old decay.

The proceedings of the allied cabinets, and their

effect on the people of France and the earth, here assumed the rank of things to be felt through a long, perhaps through the latest, posterity. The removal of the pictures and antiques from the Museum took place at this time; and, besides the excitement belonging to all changes affecting those incomparable memorials, was of the same train of circumstances which made the war and the triumph only a portion of the one great system of renovation, in which Providence deigned to reveal its steps for securing justice and quiet to future man. The monuments, too, of the revolutionary period were still visible; the reign of conspiracy, terror, and atheism, was marked by evidences still distinct and vivid; and in Paris, at this memorable period, the traveller found himself at once in the midst of all that was mad and God-defying in the wildness of republican frenzy; all that was rich and strange, in the gathered spoil and haughty memorials of the usurping empire; and all that was glorious in the victory and magnificent power of esta-

blished monarchies. He stood beside the tomb of Europe, and was a witness of her resurrection.

The present Poem sketches those aspects of Paris, as they successively occurred to the writer. The public buildings and chief points of exhibition are mentioned chiefly with reference to what interested him most in them—their connexion with the revolutionary history. In the description of a great city, there can be, of course, no regular and epic succession; but in Paris some of the public monuments are visible only at peculiar hours, and some require peculiar hours to be seen to advantage, while some lie in the general track of travellers on their first hurried tour. All those links, but principally the last, have been used. He entered by the Mont Martre road at an early hour; and the sketches are given nearly in the order in which the objects were seen. A few notes are subjoined for slight explanation to those who may not have visited Paris in 1815.

The occasional changes in the metre were adopted to avoid the monotony of a perpetual recurrence of the same measure. The diversity of the subjects in these pages seemed of itself to require diversity of metre. Pomps and processions are not easily told in the same cadence with massacre. The measure selected for a tragic poem must be different from that which is to represent the grace and gaieties of courts, the splendours of religious festival, or the gentleness of rural life. No excellence of poetry has been perfectly able, in our most illustrious models, to resist the antagonist monotony of a thousand lines in the same stanza; and perhaps no reader has ever struck upon even their slight intervening songs and wanderings of rhyme without feeling them like a sudden relief. A reason perhaps equivalent to all those with the Writer was, that the Poem was written at intervals; and that, when it was at last put together, he shrank from the trouble of its further change.

" I had a thing to say.—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without ears, eyes, or harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts."

KING JOHN.

PARIS IN 1815.

PART I.

I.

Welcome, thou glorious dawn! Oh! who would cling
To sleep, and sleep's bewildered fantasies;
When he might see the rushing of thy wing,
Spreading like clouds from some high sacrifice;
And hear thy trumpet bid the world arise.
While the wan morn-star, in her watch-tower gray,
Extinguishes her little lamp and flies.
But lo! the east is all one golden ray,
And on his burning wheels out rolls the king of day

II.

Lovely—but lovelier still, when that bright morn
Unfolds the vision of some first-seen land;
And, as the twilight clouds are upwards borne,
Foreign the hills, the vales, the streams expand;
Charming the wanderer's foot suspense to stand,
As, like a young creation, round him rise
Its thousand shapes of soft, and bright, and grand;
All strange, all spell-touch'd; ev'n the wild wind's sighs,
The peasant's call, to him, romantic melodies!

III.

Yet who can feel it like the luckless wight,
In France's lumbering wains through midnight pent,
With heavy lids that will not slumber quite,
Stiff limbs and beating brow, and spirit spent;
When on the eastern hill's slow-gain'd ascent,
The breeze first meets him from its bowers below,
Streaming cool odours, living element;
And his clear'd eye sees mount and forest glow;
And the whole landscape lights its whole enchanted show.

IV.

'Tis dawn upon Mont Martre'! O'er the plain,
In flake and spire, the sunbeam plunges deep,
Bringing out shape, and shade, and summer-stain;
Like a retiring host the blue mists sweep.
Looms on the farthest right Valerien's steep,
Crown'd with its convent kindling in the day;
And swiftly sparkling from their bowery sleep,
Like matin stars, around the horizon play
Far village vanes, and domes and castle-turrets gray.

V.

'Tis a rich scene; and yet the richest charm
That e'er cloth'd earth in beauty, lives not here.
Winds no green fence around the cultured farm;
No blossom'd hawthorn shields the cottage dear.
The land is bright, and yet to thine how drear,
Unrivall'd England!—Well the thought may pine
For those sweet fields where each, a little sphere,
In shaded, sacred fruitfulness doth shine,
And the heart higher beats that says, "This spot is mine."

VI.

St. Cloud! How stately from the green hill's side
Shoots up thy Parian pile! His transient hold,
Who wore the iron crown of regicide!
He treads its halls no more—his hour is told.
The circle widens; Sevres bright and cold
Peeps out in vestal beauty from her throne,
Spared for Minerva's sake, when round her roll'd
From yon high brow the Invader's fiery zone,
Resistless, as can tell thy faded tow'rs, Meudon!

VII.

A trumpet!—at the sound Mont Martre's spread
With martial crowds, a glittering, crimson tide,
Pouring incessant from its sunbright head.
Part, that in splendour deepen down its side,
In square, and line, and column wheeling wide
To many a solemn touch of harmony.
Part to the far champaign that clanging ride,
Like eagles darting from their aëry high,
Like the rich-flashing lights of autumn's evening sky.

VIII.

The British bands! A power is in the sound,
It speaks of freedom, valour, virtue nigh;
It calls up England upon foreign ground!
Far be from us the false philosophy
That owns not country's nobly-partial tie!
The thoughts that like a second nature come
In distance and in death to fix the eye
On the heart's classic soil;—by temple, tomb,
By all love's names endear'd,—by all in one, our Home.

IX.

War has its mighty moments:—Heart of Man!
Have all thy pulses vigour for a thrill
Prouder than through those gallant bosoms ran
When first their standards waved above that hill?
When first they strove their downward gaze to fill
With the full grandeur of their glorious prize—
Paris! the name that from their cradle still
Stung them in dreams; now, glittering in their eyes,
Now won—won by the Victory of Victories[2]!

X.

For this had bled their battle round the world;
For this they round the world had come to war;
Some with the shatter'd ensign that unfurl'd
Its lion-emblems to the Orient star;
And some, the blue Atlantic stemming far;
And some, a matchless band, from swarthy Spain—
With well-worn steel, and breasts of many a scar;
And all their plains to their last conquering plain
Were sport, their trophies all to this proud trophy vain.

XI.

Lovely the stranger's land—the tawny meads,
Track'd by the sleepy Seine's meanders blue;
The vintage ripening on its sloping beds,
Like sheets of emeralds, dropping purple dew;
The forest belting with its waste of yew
The chateau, lonely as the exile's tomb
Where rests its lord; the hill's exotic hue;
The umbraged roads, that from th' horizon come,
Like arrows, to one point, where still broods morning's gloom.

XII.

There sleep'st thou, Paris! What profounder sleep
Were thine, had matchless hearts not sieged thee round!
When those who sow'd in blood, in blood should reap,
When the bold hunters from earth's farthest bound
At length the tiger in his cavern found;
Then, not yon cloud that wraps thy giddy dream,
But the red vapour of the bloody ground,
Such as o'er Moscow hung, had caught the gleam;
The midnight fires of death, thy last, wild, waking beam.

XIII.

The gale has come,—at once the fleecy haze
Floats up,—then stands a purple canopy,
Shading th' imperial city from the blaze.
Glorious the vision! tower and temple lie
Beneath the morn, like waves of ivory,
With many an azure streak and gush of green,
As grove and garden on the dazzled eye
Rise in successive beauty, and between
Flows into sudden light the long, slow, serpent Seine.

XIV.

For Paris now.—Now farewell hill and vale,
And silence sweet, fresh blooms, and dewy sky!
Farewell the gentle moral of the gale,
The wisdom written in the rose's dye!
I go to meet the wizard city's eye,
That puts on splendour but to dim the soul.
A thousand years of crime beneath me lie!
One glance!—I stand as on a mighty mole,
Around whose base not waves, but evil ages roll.

XV.

And ye enduring monuments that rise,
In your calm grandeur, round this fortress-hill,
Masses of solemn shade and orient dyes!
Are ye not each, as in that sea an isle,
Sheltering the few and statelier memories, while
The feeble pass like foam upon the wave?
I gaze not here on Greek or Gothic pile!—
I see but emblems of the days that gave
An impulse to the world, to empires throne or grave.

XVI.

'Twas a dark time, that on Valerien's brow
Rear'd the sad refuge of that convent tower!
There mind was buried, wither'd beauty's glow,
There passion lost its hope, but not its power;
Yet good was mix'd with ill; its midnight hour
Heard prayers from haughty lips that then first pray'd;
And woman who had wept her loveliest dower,
There hid her broken heart in calm and shade,
And turned her to His fold, who sought the lamb that stray'd!

XVII.

Earth had a burst of madness; come, and gone,
Like lightning from its cloud—a withering blaze.
There stand its lonely halls, its Pantheon;
Then were those halls not lonely;—nights and days
Roll'd o'er their thousands, pouring heaven's high praise,
From more than pagan lips, to harlotry.
Temple of many gods! while One delays
For wisdom deeply veil'd from human eye,
To strike it into dust, till ev'n its memory die.

XVIII.

The emblem-circle 's wound. The sunbeams flow
Latest, yet loveliest, on St. Denis' wall.
But is there not a brighter sun than now
Vestures in gold that patriarch cathedral?
Is not earth's veil at length about to fall,
As the slow shadows from that temple hoar;
And the true faith unfold her gates to all;
And man be glorious as he was before;
And earth be Paradise, till time shall be no more?

XIX.

The hour shall come!—It is no mystic's trance,
But true as HE, who wills, and it is done!
The hour shall come,—is come!—Our feeble glance
Ev'n now sees stooping from its clouds the throne
Where One shall rule o'er earth—The MIGHTY ONE.
Its kings his hallow'd viceroys—man's old stain
Fast brightening from the spirit;—war unknown;—
Till Death has died! and, rushing from his chain,
To heaven th' immortals rise, with angel plume and strain.

XX.

Now, from the Mount!—Through solid dust we sweep,
Chok'd, crushing, struggling to wile back our sleep.
The barrier's reach'd—out rolls the drowsy guard;
A scowl—a question—and the gate's unbarr'd.
And this is Paris! The postillion's thong
Rings round a desert, as we bound along,
Onward, still darker, doubly desolate,
Winds o'er the shrinking head the dangerous strait.
The light is lost; in vain we peer our way
Through the rank dimness of the Fauxbourg day;
In vain the wearied eyeball strains to scale
That squalid height, half hovel and half jail:
At every step the struggling vision bar
Projections sudden, black, and angular,
Streak'd with what once was gore, deep rent with shot,
Marks of some conflict furious and—forgot!
At every step, from sewer and alley sail
The crossing steams that make the senses quail,
Defying breeze's breath and summer's glow,
Charter'd to hold eternal mire below.

Grim loneliness!—and yet some blasted form
Will start upon the sight, a human worm,
Clung to the chapel's wall—the lank throat bare,
The glance shot woeful from the tangled hair,
The fleshless, outstretch'd arm, and ghastly cry,
Half forcing, half repelling charity.
Or, from the portal of the old hotel,
Gleams on his post the victor-centinel,
Briton or German, shooting round his ken,
From its dark depth, a lion from his den.

'Tis light and air again: and lo! the Seine,
The Frenchman's boast, yon lazy, livid drain!
With bridges, shaking to the foot, o'erlaid,
Booths for its barges, painted trees its shade.
Yet here are living beings, and the soil
Breeds its old growth of ribaldry and broil.
A whirl of mire, the dingy cabriolet
Makes the quick transit through the crowded way;
On spurs the courier, creaks the crazy wain,
Dragg'd through its central mud by might and main,

Around our way-laid wheels the paupers crowd,
With every vileness of man's nature bow'd.
The whole a mass of folly, woe, and strife,
Of heated, rank, corrupting, reptile life:
And, endless as their ouzy tide, the throng
Roll on with endless clamour, curse, and song.

Fit for such tenants, low'r on either side
The hovels where the gang less live than hide;
Story on story, savage stone on stone,
Time-shatter'd, tempest-stain'd, less built than thrown.
Sole empress of the portal, in full blow,
The rouged grisette lays out her trade below,
Ev'n in her rags a thing of wit and wile,
Eye, hand, lip, tongue, all point, and press, and smile.
Close by, in patch and print, the pedlar's stall
Flutters its looser glories up the wall.
Spot of corruption! where the rabble rude
Loiter round tinsel tomes, and figures nude;
Voltaire, and Laïs, long alternate eyed,
Till both the leper's soul and sous divide.

Above, 'tis desert, save where sight is scar'd
With the wild visage through the casement barr'd.

But, venture on the darkness; and within
See the stern haunt of wretchedness and sin.
The door unhinged, for winter's bitterest air,
The paper pane, the gapp'd and shaking stair,
Winding in murkiness, as to the sty
Of guilt forlorn, or base debauchery;
The chamber, tatter'd, melancholy, old,
Yet large—where plunder might its midnights hold;
And in its foulest corner, from the day
Sullen and shrunk, its lord, the Federé.
Meagre the form, the visage swart and spare,
Furrow'd with early vice and desperate care;
Hollow the cheek, the eye ferocious guile,
Yet gentle to his hard, habitual smile.
His end on earth, to live the doubtful day,
And glean the livre for the Sunday's play.
Heavy that chamber's air; the sunbeams fall
Scatter'd and sickly on the naked wall;

Through the time-crusted casement scarcely shown
The rafter'd roof, the floor of chilling stone,
The crazy bed, the mirror that betrays
Frameless, where vanity yet loves to gaze;
And still, the symbols of his darker trade,
The musquet, robber-pistol, sabre blade,
Hung rusting, where around the scanty fire
His squalid offspring watch its brands expire.
His glance is there;—another, statelier spot
Has full possession of his fever'd thought;
In the fierce past the fierce to-come he sees,
The day return'd of plunder'd palaces,
When faction revell'd, mobs kept thrones in awe,
And the red pike at once was king and law.

XXI.

Yet, contrast strange! beside that dismal cell
Tow'rs on the eye the Seigneur's proud hotel.
Repelling too, no waste of outward state
Here told th' exclusive pleasures of the great;

Yet, in those bounds, the cup of luxury
Was brimm'd as rich as e'er made midnight fly.
Beauty and pomp were in its festal hall,
Gay valour, courtly wit, youth, passion, all.
Sight of enchantment,—down its vista's blaze
Of gold and jewel-vestured forms to gaze!
One buoyant, brilliant dance of tress and plume
Gleaming o'er eyes of light, and cheeks of bloom.
Nor lovely less, to turn, where through the shade
Faint from the glow, the groupes of beauty stray'd;
The suite of silent, stately chambers past,
In each the distant radiance feebler cast;
In each the concert's sweetness softer sent;
Till on the burning cheek, new element,
New life was breathed in night's delicious air,
Streaming from violet bank and rose parterre.
Heart-swelling hour! On her profoundest sky
In glory throned, the moon's lone majesty;
From that huge, slumbering city sent no sound;
Above, all brightness; soul-felt silence, round!

Save where, as sudden opes the distant hall,
Faint as its light, the tones in sweetness fall,
A breath of harp and flute, a silver sigh,
A wild, swift touch, of fairy harmony;
Save where the fountain murmuring in its shell
With the far concert's murmurs mixeth well.

But pass the porch, and all was past:—the wall,
Long, blank, surmounted by the turret tall;
The loophole, massive buttress, thund'ring gate
That shuts upon the world the court of state;
The casement dim, with bar and bolt secured,
The sculptured shield, the high roof embrazured,
Strike to the stranger's eye the sudden thrill,
And give the felon and his dungeon still.

XXII.

But pause! what pile athwart the crowded way
Frowns with such sterner aspect? The Abbaye[3]!

Is it not curst? has not the smell of blood
Struck it for ever into solitude?
No! To the past as to the future cold,
Self and the moment all his heart can hold,
The deep damnation of the deed forgot
Before the blood was stiffen'd on the spot;
Gay in the sight, the shadow of the pile,
The meagre native plays his gambol vile;
The crack'd horn rings, the rival mimes engage,
Punch in imperial tatters sweeps the stage;
The jostling mob dance, laugh, sing, shout the rhyme,
And die in ecstacies the thousandth time.
And look! around, above, what ghastly row
Through bar and grating struggle for the show,
Down darting, head o'er head, the haggard eye,
Felons! the scarcely scaped,—the sure to die!
The dungeon'd murderer startles from his trance,
Uplist'ning hears the din, the monkey-dance,
Growls at the fate that fix'd his cell below,
And longs, before he dies,—to see the show!

Yes, 'twas the spot!—where yonder slow gendarme
Sweeps from his round the loitering pauper-swarm;
Where up the mould'ring wall that starveling vine
Drags on from nail to nail its yellow twine;
For ornament! Still something for the eye;
Prisons, nay graves, have here their foppery:—
There, primed for blood, Danton drew up his band,
The Marseillois, the Fauxbourg's black brigand.
The gate roll'd back,—as out to liberty*
One bounding came,—the murderers met his eye,
He heard their laugh,—he dropp'd in desperate prayer
For life—for life!—His brain was spattered there;—
Another came—recoil'd—gave one wild wail,
And sank in gore,—the bullet stopp'd his tale.
The work went hotly on. Dark place of crime!
What hideous guilt, what suffering sublime
Were in thee,—emblem of the ruin'd land!
Frequent, amid the shoutings of the band,

* "Elargissez, Monsieur!" was the signal for assassination by the mob in the massacres of September, 1792.

Rose from within prayer, laughter!—Pass that wall
A crowd were gather'd in a lofty hall,
An ancient chapel, lingering each till came
The harrowing, certain summons of his name.
A man stood in its pulpit; one strong ray
That through the grating struggled down its way,
Fell on his upturn'd brow, and tonsure bare.
His hands were clasp'd, he prayed with mighty pray'r,—
Then bent him where the failing light below
Just glanced on shapes and visages of woe.
And there were those who felt, yet scorn'd to feel,
And smiled in ghastliness to see his zeal,
And knowing they had reach'd their dying day,
Resolv'd to think no more, and turn'd away!—
And those, who weary of the cell and chain,
Saw the last day of life the last of pain,
And, sadly flung upon the chilling floor,
Listen'd lethargic to the outward roar—
But there were those, who on him fix'd the eye,
In the deep gaze of utter agony;

Kneeling without a heave, without a groan,—
As if that hour had struck them into stone.

The shouts had died,—'twas silence,—sudden rang
A shriek throughout the prison!—All upsprang;—
Each fixing on his fellow wretch the eye,
In the broad glare of desperate sympathy;
Another miserable hour, and they
Who shudder'd there might be—but gore and clay!
The preacher bow'd his head; his hands were prest
A moment with his Bible on his breast;—
His voice a moment stopp'd:—the pang was past,
'Twas nature's terror, painful,—but her last.
His voice awoke; his spirit in him burn'd;
All eyes instinctive on the martyr turn'd.
He told them of the things that man's dull ear,
Fill'd with life's flatteries, so hates to hear;
He told them of the Christian's cross and crown,
And raised his hands to bless them;—all sank down,—
All humbly bow'd their heads to earth, all felt
At his ascending prayer their bosoms melt;

All trembled,—and strange thoughts upon them stole,
That look'd like heavenly dawnings in the soul;
And tears began down wither'd cheeks to flow,
Nor tears of joy, but far too soft for woe!
They rose;—and they who knelt upon that floor,
Were naked spirits ere that day was o'er.

Behind that chapel's altar oped a room—
Gloomy—the deeds done there were fit for gloom.
A torch, that languish'd in the heavy air,
Feebly made up the daylight's sullen glare;
It shew'd a table, soil'd with wine, and strew'd
With plunder in still deeper stains embrued;
Around it on the platform benches lay
Dark, muffled shapes that slept their drench away.
A few, in whom the past debauchery
Was squalid still, hung loose and lowering by,
And judged!—For this was a tribunal;—these,
Judges!—The basest rabble's basest lees,
These slaves of vulgar folly, guilt, and rage,
These mountebanks upon a bloody stage;

Wretches! whose aspects told of hell begun;
Their joyless joy, to see mankind undone!
And they were speedy too; no ancient saws
Check'd the bold current of the rabble's laws;
A glance—a taunt upon the victim cast,
A sign,—he pass'd away—to slaughter pass'd.

And now, a prisoner stood before them, wan
With dungeon damps and woe—an ancient man,
But stately;—there was in his hoary hair
A reverend grace that Murder's self might spare.
Two of the mob, half naked, freshly dyed
In crimson clots, waved sabres at his side.
He told his tale,—a brief, plain, prison tale,—
Well vouch'd by those faint limbs and features pale:
His words were strong, the manly energy
Of one not unprepared to live or die.
His judges wavered, whispered, seemed to feel
Some human touches at his firm appeal.—
He named his king!—a burst of scoff and sneer
Pour'd down, that even the slumberers sprang to hear;

Startled, to every grating round the room
Sprang visages already seal'd for doom;
Red from their work without, in rush'd a crowd,
Like wolves that heard the wonted cry of blood.
He gazed above,—the torch's downward flame
Flash'd o'er his cheek;—'twas red,—it might be shame,
Shame for his country, sorrow for her throne;—
'Twas pale,—the hectic of the heart was gone.
His guards were flung aside;—he tore his vest,
A ribbon'd cross was on his knightly breast,—
It covered scars;—he deigned no more reply;
None, but the scorn that lighten'd from his eye.
His huddled, hurried judges dropp'd their gaze;
The villain soul's involuntary praise!
He kiss'd his cross, and turn'd him to the door
An instant,—and they heard his murderers' roar!
'Twas shapeless carnage now; in meek despair,
Gazing on heaven, the pastor died in prayer;
The soldier met the sabre's whirl unmoved;
The matron perish'd on the corse she loved;

Yet there were dying bursts; with rush and reel,
Some 'mid the assassin ranks made desperate wheel,
Down-stricken, rising, bleeding, tottering round,
Till the ball stretch'd the struggler on the ground;
Others, the red knee clasping, sank and wept;
Alike o'er faint and bold the havoc swept.
The evening fell,—in bloody mists the sun
Rush'd glaring down; nor yet the work was done.
'Twas night; and still upon the Bandit's eye
Came from their cavern those who came to die;
A long, weak, wavering, melancholy wave,
As from the grave, returning to the grave.
'Twas midnight;—still the gusty torches blazed
On shapes of woe, dim gestures, faces glazed;
And still, as through the dusk the ghastly file
Moved onward, it was added to the pile!

Ruler of Heaven! did not the righteous groan
Rise from this spot in vengeance to thy throne!
Or did the torrent that so redly ran
Round those heaped remnants of what once was man,

That mass of cloven bone, and shatter'd limb,
And spouting brain, and visage strain'd and dim,
And horrid life still quivering in the eye,
As, choked in blood, the victim toil'd to die—
Did it sink voiceless in the thirsty ground?—
No! from that hour the iron band was bound,
No! from that hour was fixed the mighty seal
To the long woes that France was doomed to feel;
Plague, famine, in GOD'S sterner wrath untried—
Her deeper sentence, man, the homicide!*

XXIII.

Perish the vision!—no,—on France's eye
Still let it hang,—as o'er a murderer's
His victim's shade,—in noon, in midnight nigh,
'Till she has laid it in repentant tears;
'Till man has seen what fruit rebellion bears;
The noblest sure to perish by the low,
Stripp'd by their rapine, slaughter'd by their fears;
Guilt's tender mercies, that uplift the blow,
While from its pallid lips "faith, honor, country" flow.

* 1 Chronicles, chap. 21. verse 13.

XXIV.

But musing 's done.—The rabble round me press,
With every cry of earth since Babel's fall.
The world 's in gala,—Poissarde loveliness
Glides, faint and feather'd from her last night's ball,
Dispensing glances on the friseur small,
The tiptoe thing beside her,—all bouquet;
His bowing head, a curly carnival;
His shoulders to his earrings, grimly gay;—
All have put on their smiles; 'tis the King's holiday.

XXV.

A cannon roars[4],—a rocket cleaves the air
In rushing beauty, waving up its way,
Like a red snake. With backward step and stare
The crowd pursue its burst,—'tis lost in day.
White banners on the palace turrets play;
And soon, like sheets of newly waken'd flame,
They rise from many a roof and steeple gray,
Thick meteors, ray'd with cross and patron name;
While in rich thunders roll the peals of Notre Dâme.

XXVI.

Below, the streets are changing; tissues trim
From door to door, from house to house are swung;
Deep with devices, shatter'd oft and dim,
For fortune's turns in loyal darkness flung.
The wheel has turn'd; the world again is young.
The mob, the troops that down the distance stand
Lingering and loose, are with the lily strung;
The poissarde beauties whirling hand in hand,
Fling up the exiled flower with shouts;—such is the land!

XXVII.

A distant trumpet sounds; the river shore
Sends it in echoes on; the soldiers haste
To loose their piles of muskets;—standards soar,
Drums rattle,—voices clamour,—bugles blast;
The mob confused from side to side are cast;
Horsemen dash by with spur and slacken'd rein.
Moment of tumult! quickly come and past.
To bridge and wall the crowd like billows drain,
And all their myriad eyes are fix'd along the Seine.

XXVIII.

The flourish swells again. The Louvre arch
Pours out an instant flood of sight and sound.
Dense as a wall the steel'd cuirassiers march,
With clash, and clang, and chargers' mettled bound,
And leaders' cries, as squadron'd, wheeling round
Successive from the porte, they meet the glare,
Blazed back from helm and mail. Yet all are drown'd
In the proud, sudden shout that rends the air,
As on his barb reins out the royal mousquetaire.

XXIX.

They come, as brilliant and as gay a train,
As in the brightest noon of chivalry
Poised the light lance, or wound the broidered rein,
To win the glance of royal beauty's eye.
And every emblem rich and lovely dye,
And blazonry of gold and costly stone,
Flashes, from knightly spur to helmet high,
Around the youthful champions of the throne,
They had their hour of woe, their triumph is well won.

XXX.

It was a dreary time; that deep midnight,
Which saw those warriors to their chargers spring,
And, sadly gathering by the torch's light,
Draw up their squadrons round their ruin'd king:
Then, through the streets, long, silent, slumbering,
Move like some secret noble funeral:
Each forced in turn to feel his bosom wring,
As in the gleam shone out his own proud hall,
His own no more;——no more!—he had abandon'd all!

XXXI.

And when, through many a league of chase and toil,
With panting steed, red spur, and sheathless sword,
At last they reach'd the stranger's sheltering soil;
They saw their country, where they saw its lord.
Proudly they fenced the Bourbons' couch and board;—
Better the exile's dungeon, or his tomb,
Than the base triumphs of the rebel's sword.
They saw the lightning gathering through the gloom;
They knew the wrath would come,—and sternly did it come.

XXXII.

I love not war, too oft the mere, mad game
That tyrants play to keep themselves awake.
But 'tis not war—it earns a nobler name—
When men gird on the sword for conscience' sake,
When country, king, faith, freedom are the stake.
There is a power in man that passeth show.
England, if e'er ambition think to shake
The holy diadem from thy freeborn brow,
Up, in the name of Heaven! and strike the freeman's blow.

XXXIII.

Yet they were happier in that foreign soil,
The exile's home, perhaps to be his grave;—
Than those who came to revel in their spoil.
The feast was over in the bandit's cave,
The first, hot, wild excess had ceased to rave;—
And now 'twas hush'd debate and jealous fear;
The ruffian's hand the ruffian's heart misgave;
And crowded close, with sword half drawn, quick ear,
They seem'd the thunder-peal, the avenging hosts, to hear.

XXXIV.

Aye; 'twere a lesson worth an age of man,
To look upon that council chill and late—
The grand Impostor, now with conscience wan,
Waiting his own, who fix'd an empire's fate;
Sunk to the dust; for terror knows not state.
Round him of glaring visages a cloud,
Like naked passions, shame, ire, horror, hate;
Each taunting each, all on their tempter loud,
All seeing in their steps the scaffold and the shroud.

XXXV.

The pomp has deepen'd. Thro' the Louvre-arch
Swells out the horse and foot's unwearied tide;
A sheet of steel the close-lock'd column's march,
Waving, as plants the mass its solid stride;
A following cloud, the squadron's plume of pride
Floating above.—But soon and statelier bound
A troop, to whom, as down the lines they ride,
The deep drums roll, the standards stoop profound,
The upturn'd trumpets give the rich, saluting sound.

XXXVI.

France is herself again;—bridge, roof, and wall,
Are lined with faces struggling for the show.
The pageant comes;—uncapp'd and hush'd are all;
It comes, with many a pause, expanding slow
In splendour, like the summer's showery bow;
A press of horse and herald, lance and vane;
And pages piled in gold and scarlet-glow
On chariot roofs; and barbs with ribbon'd mane;
And chieftains spurring round, with star, and staff, and chain.

XXXVII.

Marshal and duke, in flank, and front, and rear,
An inner cohort, guard the Sovereign,
And that fair, jewell'd form—his daughter dear,
The royal Angoulême; and where the train
Halt for the moment, bursts the shout again,
And swell the trumpets lifted to the sky.
They move,—and still arise the shout and strain,
And all along their march is ear and eye,
Till in the Abbey's porch the last deep concords die.

XXXVIII.

The pile is full; and oh, what splendours there
Rush, in thick tumult, on the entering eye!
The Gothic shapes, fantastic, yet austere;
The altar's crown of seraph imagery;
Champion and king that on their tombstones lie,
Now cluster'd deep with beauty's living bloom;
And glanced from shadowy stall and alcove high,
Like new-born light, through that mysterious gloom,
The gleam of warrior steel, the toss of warrior plume.

XXXIX.

The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave,
Bend to the earth the mighty multitude,
Silent as those pale emblems of the grave
In monumental marble round them strew'd.
Low at the altar, forms in cope and hood
Superb with gold-wrought cross and diamond twine,
Life in their upturn'd visages subdued,
Toss their untiring censers round the shrine,
Where on her throne of clouds the Virgin sits divine.

XL.

But, only kindred faith can fitly tell
Of the high ritual at that altar done,
When clash'd the arms and rose the chorus-swell,
Then sank,—as if beneath the grave 'twere gone;
Till broke the spell the mitred abbot's tone,
Deep, touching, solemn, as he stood in prayer,
A dazzling form upon its topmost stone,
And raised, with hallowed look, the Host in air,
And bless'd with heavenward hand the thousands kneeling there.

XLI.

Pompous!—but love I not such pomp of prayer;
Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.
Rather let me the meek devotion share,
Where, in their silent glens and thickets high,
England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.
The spotless table by the eastern wall,
The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,
The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent call;
Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all in all.

XLII.

Vain the world's grandeur to that hallow'd roof
Where sate our fathers many a gentle year;
All round us memory; at our feet the proof,
How deep the grave holds all we treasure here:
Nay, where we bend, still trembling on our ear
The voice whose parting rent life's loveliest ties;
And who demands us all, heart, thought, tear, prayer?
Ev'n He who saith "Mercy, not sacrifice,"
Cares He for mortal pomp, whose footstool is the skies!

XLIII.

If pride be evil;—if the holiest sighs
Must come from humblest hearts, if man must turn
Full on his wreck of nature, to be wise;—
If there be blessedness for those who mourn;—
What speak the purple gauds that round us burn?
Ask of that kneeling crowd whose glances stray
So restless round on altar, vestment, urn;
Can guilt weep there? can mild repentance pray?
Ask, when this moment's past, how runs their sabbath day!

XLIV.

Their sabbath day! Alas! to France that day
Comes not; she has a day of looser dress,
A day of thicker crowded ball and play,
A day of folly's hotter, ranker press;
She knoweth not its hallowed happiness,
Its eve of gather'd hearts and gentle cheer.
Paris! how many an outcast might confess
Her first temptation in its guilty glare!
What saith yon sullen Morgue?—go, seek the victim there.

XLV.

'Tis open!—Never fails its sight of woe[5]!
And crowds are rushing to that fearful dome,
And crowds are scattering out, subdued and slow;
They 've seen,—to what complexion life may come.
'Tis narrow as the grave, a house of gloom:
And on the wall, with ouze and blood long dyed,
Are hung a spangled robe, a broken plume,
Dropping, as fresh-drawn from the river tide,
And cold beneath them lies—the lost!—the suicide!

XLVI.

A few rude boards are now her beauty's bed;
Her still and roseless cheek has now no veil
But one long, dripping lock across it shed;
Yet her wide eye looks living. Oh! the tale
Told there—of reason that began to fail,
Of wild remorse, of the last agony,
When wandering, desperate, in the midnight gale,
She flung to sightless heaven her parting cry,
Then in the dark wave plunged, to struggle and to die.

XLVII.

The crowd pass on. The hurried, trembling look,
That dreaded to have seen some dear one there,
Soon glanced, they silent pass. But in yon nook,
Who kneels, deep shrinking from the oriel's glare,
Her forehead veil'd, her lip in quivering prayer,
Her raised hands with the unfelt rosary wound?
That shrouded,—silent—statue of despair
Is she who through the world's delusive round
Had sought her erring child, and found, and there had found!

XLVIII.

Fair Angoulême[6]! in what empurpled bower
Pass'd thy young innocence the sunny hour?—
Her sun was dim. The prison was the clime
That struck upon the royal infant's prime.
Her joys, to watch the sentinel's dull round,
Till her ear sicken'd at the weary sound;
To count, yet care not for the hour's slow wheel,
As one on whom the grave had set its seal;
To pine upon her pillow for the day,
Yet, seen, to wish its cheerless beam away;
Then, tremble as drew on the tedious night,
And feel as life were parting with the light;—
Then—to her couch, to weep and watch for morn,
To shew her she was living—and forlorn!

She had companions. Deeper misery!
All whom she loved on earth were there—to die!
And they must perish from her—one by one—
And her soul bleed with each, till all were gone.

This is the woe of woes, the sting of fate,
To see our little world grow desolate,
The few on whom the very soul reclined
Sink from the eye, and feel we stay behind;—
Life, to the farthest glance, a desert road,
Dark, fearful, weary—yet that must be trod.

Daughter of France! did not such pangs compress
Thy heart in its last, utter loneliness?
Didst thou not droop thy head upon thy hand,
Then, starting, think that time was at a stand,
And find its flight but by the thicker gloom
That dimm'd thy solitary dungeon room?
Didst thou not gaze upon thy glimpse of sky,
And long to bid the last, best hour be nigh?
Or melted even by that moment's view,
Stoop to the world again, and think, how blue,
How bright to thousands spread its canopy;
How many a joyous heart and laughing eye,
Buoyant with life and hope, and free,—oh, free!—
Bask'd in the brightness thou shouldst never see?

Her world was past; her hours, or few or more,
Left her bound, wretched—all she was before!
This, this is misery—the headsman's steel
Strikes, and we perish—but we cease to feel.

XLIX.

The Temple tower is fallen; yet still the grot
Lives in pale mockery of the woeful spot;
The weedy walk still borders the parterre,
A few wild shrubs still drink the heavy air;
And, help'd by some rude tracery on the green,
The eye may image where the pile has been:
But all is past,—trench, buttress, bustling guard,—
For silence, ruin, and the pale, dead sward.
Heaven! what wild weight of suffering was prest
In this close den, this grave in all but rest!
What hope, fear, agony the high hearts thrill'd,
That mercy, though 'twas blood, so quickly still'd;
And what high hearts that fiery circle ran,
And what fiends urged them, in the shape of man!

I trod the ground with reverence, for that ground
Was holy to my tread; its dungeon-bound,
Dear as the spot where blood and ashes tell
That there the martyr closed his triumph well;
The torture's tools ev'n hallow'd—brand and stake,
Scourge, fetter—all, all relics for his sake.
Ev'n on that weedy path had moved the train
Who never move to human eyes again.
Sad Antoinette! Alas! her morning star
Was set, and all its worshippers were far.

She had no sphere to lighten now; that wall
Enclosed her palace, kingdom, world—her all!
Yet, to the last, her glance was majesty,
Or dimm'd but when it met her partner's eye;—
And learn'd its patience of the eye that met
The chain, the dungeon, death, as nature's debt;
No murmur on the monarch's lip, in heaven
The heart, the world forgotten and forgiven.
And there their infants clung, subdued and nigh;
There follow'd the meek sister, fix'd to die.

It was a walk of woe. By spy and guard
The converse of the pining heart debarr'd;
Forced to hear taunts that shock'd the purer ear,
And while they wrung their souls, not seem to hear;
Longing to lay down life, yet driven to win,
For their unconscious babes, the men of sin;—
Till the bell toll'd, and some grim centinel
Block'd up their path, and turn'd them to their cell.

Yet hours were spent within that fearful pile,
When the lip wore the sainted spirit's smile;
When books, and such light toil as smooths away,
If aught can smooth, the lingering prison day:
And more, that holy unity of heart
That smiled together, only wept apart;
Peace, prayer, and heaven, their gentle hearts enwove,
Dungeons themselves but ministers of love!
Their days were number'd, and the grave's dark stone
Soon chill'd their agonies;—one, orphan'd one[7]!
Left here to weep:—no!—left to wait the time
Destined to give them the revenge sublime;

Destined to bid their child, their heroine, bear
A nation's sorrows to their sepulchre.

L.

'Tis noon: the flags cling close on roof and spire,
The sun burns broad, a ball of living fire;
The sky is blue—celestial, summer-blue:
Here rise no sulphurous smokes to shroud its hue;
No clouds of pestilence, that mine and forge,
To blot out heaven and poison earth, disgorge.

Now comes the idler's hour. The beggar-bard
Takes his old quarters on the gay Boulevard[8];
Beneath the trees the Conjuror spreads his tools;
The Quack harangues his group of graver fools
In lofty lies, unruffled by the jar
Thrumm'd from his neighbour Savoyard's guitar;
Veil'd virgins beam, like Dian in a mist;
Philosophers show mites; she-tumblers twist;
Each the fix'd genius of some favourite tree,
Dryads and fauns of Gallic minstrelsy.

In double glories now, the broad Marchande,
Fire-eyed, her skin by Gascon summers tann'd,
Red as the kerchief round her coal-black hair,
Lays out her tempting trays of rich and rare;
Resistless ruby bands, delicious rings,
In genuine paste; the true wax coral strings,
Mingling with wonders of profounder art,
Woman's dear helps to mystify the heart;
Crisp auburn curls,—to hide th' obtrusive gray,
That stubborn hue, which yet will make its way;
Glass eyes, mouse eyebrows, teeth like studs of snow,
Grinning in grim good humour row by row;
Secrets so stiffly kept from upper air,
Yet here let loose, the sex's whole repair.
And here, in all the splendors of placard,
Beauty's last polishers, the rouge and fard!
Mysterious things! that, like the tricks of dreams,
Make what is seem not, while what is not, seems;
Deep witcheries! whose absence makes the fright,
Raising their ghosts at morn, their nymphs at night—

Soft potions! minister'd with softest skill,—
Yet used with desperate intent—to kill;
Obedient charms! that many a charming maid
Summons long after all the rest are laid!

The air grows furnace-hot; flag, awning, screen,
Peep endless from those lovely lines of green;
Yet Autumn has been there;—the russet tinge,
Deep purples, pearly grays, the poplars fringe;
And ever, in the distance some proud tower
Looks out in feudal beauty from its bower.
All a strange, mirthful, melancholy show;
Stately decay above, wild life below!
This is no city-scene. The tree, the tent,
The small, bright flags that break the line's extent;
The guns defiling down the central road,
The escort round the halted convoy strow'd,
The courier Cossack rushing in career
With low bent head, slack rein, and levell'd spear,
The clang within the lines, the measur'd tramp,
The mime and minstrel sounds,—is this a camp?

And this a hurrying army, that have made
Their forest-halt till noon's high blaze is staid;
To move with eve, to see the twilight's gray
Float on their banners many a league away;
At morn to spring to arms, at noon—be laid
Silent and pale—nor care for sun or shade?
It is a camp; a matchless host;—the breeze
That lets in sunlight through the heaving trees,
Flings into sudden splendour form and plume,
Like visions, flashing bright, then lost in gloom;—
Perpetual blaze of gem, and steel, and gold;
Russ helm, Hungarian mantle's broider'd fold,
Green Tartar-turban, Georgian orange shawl
O'er silver mail; deep sables of Ural;
Broad bosoms corsleted with cross and star;
Dark, haughty faces bronzed with glorious war,
Champions, that each a battle's strength has stood,
Chief caterers of the vulture's fearful food;
Now mingled,—mighty with one triumph more
Greatest and last,—Earth's day of war is o'er!

LI.

A distant bell has toll'd,—the wanderers well
Know in its heavy clang the palace bell;
And each puts on his speed, and many a stride
Has passed its courts before the sound has died.
The gates stand closed; the Swiss, a thing of state,
Poising his key as if the key of fate,
Smiles, soothes, impartial deals his soft survey
To the proud strugglers whom he keeps at bay;
The answering smile, bribe, menace tried in vain,
An entrance from his weaker man to gain.
The signal comes at last. The portals all
Are instant open, instant fill'd the hall;
Winding, a long, bright column, up the stair,
On press its plumaged host of brave and fair,
With many a wondering glance, and voice of mirth.
But France! thou guiltiest of the guilty earth,
Why lives in all thy scenes of great or gay
Something that makes the spirit turn away,
Some traitorous taint, some odour of the vault,
Scarce to be thought on, ne'er to be forgot?

If man would worship murder, man might fall
At murder's darkest shrine in that high hall [9].

Broad day,—the nation gazing on the deed,—
A righteous king unthroned—torn out—to bleed!
His band in blood above, his gallant band,
That stair their fort, their field, their last sad stand.
Then roll'd the crowd—no press of holiday;
'Twas steel to steel, to musket musket's play;
Then there were sparklings through the balustrade—
'Twas the sword shivering on the bayonet blade;
Up to the roof was cloud,—a mass of night,
The volley's livid burst the only light;
Scarce known where man was gorging upon man,
But by the clots that down its sculptures ran;
Or the lopp'd head that by the gory hair
High whirl'd, shot like a meteor down the stair;
Or the torn wretch who, gash'd too deep to fly,
Dragg'd to the porch his mangled limbs to die.
The roar went on above. Vile, noble trunk
On that red spot in thick communion sunk;

The glorious dead, the guilty in one gore,
They met in madness, and they part no more.

'Tis past, or past to those who now spread on
Sportive, through chambers thick with couch and throne;
Large, lofty, gorgeous, all that meets the eye
Strong with the stamp of ancient majesty;
The impress which so undefined, yet clear,
Tells that the former Mighty have been there.
All looking hoary pomp; the walls rich scroll'd,
The roof high flourish'd, arras stiff with gold,
In many a burning hue and broad festoon
Wreathing those casements, blazon'd now with noon;
The marble tablets on their silver claws,
Loaded with nymph, and grace, and pix, and vase.
Beside the mirror foot, the Indian screen
Dazzling the eye with dragons red and green:
The mighty mirror, brightning, doubling all,
In its deep crystal lit an endless hall.

The rout a moment paused, gave glance and smile,
Then scatter'd on, to wonder through the pile;

Yet there was beauty in the very light
That round the chamber roll'd its gush of white,
And well the wanderer there might feel his gaze
Tranced by the bright creations of the blaze.
It stoops, a pyramid of fire,—the floor
Gleams like a shifting bed of molten ore;
It strikes the antique mail, the mail returns
A sanguine flame; the vase in jasper burns;
The deep-nich'd statue in that lustre thrown
Gleams, as if light were flashing from the stone;
The altar curtain droops, a pale, proud fold;
'Tis touch'd—'tis living purple, imaged gold.

A massive porte rolls back; the walls, thick starr'd
With pike and pistol, tell the hall of guard.
War all its emblems, from the gloomy roof
Girt with its bold, black forms in knightly proof,
Down to the floor, where by his bright stockade
Paces the mousquetaire in slow parade.
But man may be the sterner emblem still;
Marshal and prince around the canvass fill;

War's thunderbolts! their track was blood and flame,
They blazed and sank—their country's boast and shame.
The heart turns from them; like the desert blast,
They rose to slay, they slew, and they are past.
And treachery has been here. There hangs a pall
For ever on the Marshals' pompous hall.

LII.

The crowd have scatter'd far,—a distant room
Has check'd their laughter; swift and hush'd they come.
What holds the wonderers now? A canopy,
Topp'd with a mouldering plume, a golden bee
Half from its curtain's faded crimson torn,
A cypher deep defaced, a wreath forlorn,—
They gaze but on a chair.—Yet lo! the throne
Of conquest, crime, despair—Napoleon!
This was Earth's heart! when here the sceptre strook,
Through all her realms the keen vibration shook.
The murmur here—swell'd forth an oracle,
And nations heard it in its wrath, and fell.

Here stamp'd the foot,—and bursting up like flame,
The crown-givers, the eagle legions came.
There was a darkness on it; woe to eye
That dared to pierce the evil sanctuary!
Prowess and pomp were there; the gloomy spear
Waved in incessant circuit; prince and peer
Bowing their haughty foreheads helm'd and crown'd,
Hung like a fiery cloud the throne around.
It had a mightier guard,—that cloud within,
Sate Guilt that chill'd the heart, substantial Sin;
And man had bled, and diadems been riven,
Till terror saw it delegate of heaven.
Wisdom was air, strength ashes, valour wan,
Before the form, the man, if that were man!

Is there not one—a being from his height
Of glory fall'n, a shape of burning might,
A ruin'd grandeur, angel beauty marr'd,
On his trench'd brow the early crown unstarr'd;
Condemn'd through earth on restless wing to range,
His joy, his agony, revenge, revenge:

And has he not the passing power to dart,
Supernal vigour through the traitor's heart;
Seduce the weak before him, bend the high,
'Till the world owns its evil Deity?

The Tyrant's peace was fearful. Fatal guile
Entomb'd the slaves who trusted to his smile.
But when he scorn'd the mask, and shouted war,
And here unroll'd the banner of the star[10];
Who slumber'd then?—what land but fix'd its eye
For omens on the eagle's augury?
The ancient empires shook. The mighty North
Sent her reluctant suppliants hurrying forth;
The South gave up her gold. The Ottoman
Cower'd to a haughtier sultan's dark divan.
And he, the MASTER, sate beneath that plume,
And kings stood here, nay trembling, in this room;
His vassals,—wither'd in his evil blaze;
And now—the meanest hind may scoff and gaze!

The final vengeance came! but sent by whom?
Was it in man to burst this den, this tomb!

Lives there the human heart that dared to hope
To stand in scorn beneath this charnel cope?
'Twas as if Heav'n would bare to human eyes
Its empire o'er its own fierce agencies.
As if the tempest-cloud had oped its gorge,
To shew the secrets of the thunder's forge.
As if some final shock had drunk the wave
That rolls in gloom o'er ocean's central cave;
Stripping to man its bosom, boundless vâle
Of wreck and buried wealth, and corpses pale;
The world of storms and sepulchres subdued;
All one wild waste—death, silence, solitude!

Stranger and enemy are round that chair;
But are no sterner shapes of friendship there?
No haughty frowns, bold tauntings, bitter sighs,
No pangs our nature knows not, till it dies?
Gaze ye not here, who, freezing in your gore,
Made the drear halt on Berezyna's shore;
And heard the Tartar's shout, and rushing wave,
Mark, through the dusk, the limits of your grave,

And felt the polar night your gashes sear,
And died in torture, but to fix him here?
And ye! the plumed and trampling chivalry,
Who rode on Leipsic's plain of death to die;
And met the German sword, and fiery shower,
To save him for another, fiercer hour!
It came;—ye last, consummate sacrifice!
Wing ye not here in deeper agonies?
Ye, round whose hearts still hangs the clotted blood,
Whose flesh is still the Flemish raven's food;
Rolls not upon the wind your countless train,
With cloudier visages of shame and pain?
Yet in the field ye fell. Ne'er battle soil
Such booty bore, where corpses were the spoil;
And he, for whom ye bled, on whom your eye
Turn'd in its dimness, dared do all but die!
Ye massacred! beheld the prize ye won;
The throne, and him who sat upon that throne.

The heavens were sick of crime,—the endless strife
Where black ambition flung its stake of life.

The trial came.—On rush'd, with shout and ban,
The rebel hosts, their Idol in the van;
Strength of their heart, and wonder of their eye;
Illusive glory, for his hour was nigh.
Their rites of blood arose. In vain the name *
Of their dark Baal echoed. Evening came.—
Then the true thunders roll'd. Their livid gaze
Saw the horizon one advancing blaze;
They saw it smite their Idol on his throne;
And he was smote,—pomp, art, illusion, gone.
Then died his worshippers. The jealous steel
Raged through their quivering ranks with faithful zeal.
The sacrifice was done! and on its wing
The earth sent up the shout of thanksgiving.

* 1 Kings, chap. 18.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 3, line 1.

"*'Tis dawn upon Mont Martre.*"

THE view from this hill towards Paris is extensive, and seen under the morning and evening lights offers some picturesque features. At early morn, Paris, free from smoke, and built of rude white stone, looks like an immense crystallization in the centre of a valley of verdure. St. Cloud, Sevres, Meudon, and some other villages, beginning from the right, reach nearly round the city on the edge of the cup. In August 1815, Mont Martre was fortified, and a British post. Mont Valerien, on which stands a convent, the Pantheon in which the Theophilanthropists held their festivals, and St. Denis, the burial place of the royal family, which had been desecrated, lie among the most prominent objects in its view.

Note 2, page 5, line last.

"*The Victory of Victories.*"

The battle of Waterloo has been called, on high poetic authority, another Cannæ. It was so, just as much as England was, on the authority of the men of blood in France, another Carthage.

To those who may, like the writer, be inclined to think that a more glorious age is yet to rise upon the world, and that Waterloo was among the thunderstorms which are to give the last clearing to the air before that perfect vision, it assumes a loftier character than its mortal triumph. It seems to bear the features of a grand, immediate interposition of superior power.

Where, to effect a great purpose, a number of accidents seem to be forced together, we naturally believe in the control of a higher hand; but where those accidents, in the first instance, thwart all our wishes, and yet are eventually seen to have advanced us to a more complete success than all our wishes dared to dream; the conjecture becomes almost conviction.

The final overthrow of the French empire, which was atheistic, jacobin, and revolutionary to its latest hour; and the utter disgrace of Napoleon, the concentrated spirit of the revolution, were the palpable results of the battle of Waterloo. They may appear to have been its providential objects. Had human judgments been previously consulted, they would probably have drawn a different plan of triumph. The Prussians would have at once

joined the British, and swept the enemy before them; or the British would have been in force enough to have defeated the French early in the day; or Napoleon would have fallen or been made prisoner. But the battle was not to be so fought, to be fatal to the atheistic power. If the French had been beaten in the broad day, they might have rallied, or retired in time, before superiority of force, or, in the last event, have been made prisoners in masses. But the conflict was held on, bloody and disastrous, till the moment when they could neither conquer nor escape. Retreating an hour before nightfall, they might have been saved; fighting an hour after it, they might have had the night for retreat. But they broke on the edge of darkness. The Prussians came up; retarded during the day, to be unfatigued by battle, and fresh for pursuit. The night was made for remediless slaughter. "Thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" The distribution of the triumph was *judicial*. England had seen in France only an envenomed enemy, Prussia had felt in her a remorseless oppressor; England had suffered no serious infliction, Prussia had been steeped to the lips in suffering; and to England on this memorable day was given the glory, and to Prussia the revenge.

If Napoleon had been killed, or wounded, or made prisoner, or forced from the field in the general flight of his army, there might have been some reserve of fame for him. But a stronger will determined that he should be saved for immortal shame;

that he should be known for a ready fugitive ; that no question should be left to the world of his abjectness of soul, and that he should be reserved to be shown as a monster to an English rabble, and yet survive !

If the French army, the authors of so much misery to Europe, were to have been finally punished, it was done by the battle of Waterloo. For the first time since the accession of Napoleon, their force was exclusively French ; and it was trampled like a mire of blood. There has been no instance for a thousand years of such total destruction of an army. The flower of France, and the leading strength of the rebellion, was the imperial guard. It was reserved for the last and most complete sacrifice of the day.

If this battle had been intended to raise the military fame of England to its highest rank, its purpose was done. Twenty-five thousand Englishmen, more encumbered than assisted by their young auxiliaries, fought three times their number of the most experienced troops of the world ; displayed an unrivalled model of passive fortitude during a day of furious assaults, and, when they were at length let loose, rushed upon the enemy, like lions upon a sheepfold.

Note 3, page 17, line last.

" *The Abbaye.*"

The Abbaye is now a military prison, and on the day alluded

to, its windows exhibited a number of its *detenus* gazing at a Savoyard and his equipage of mummery in the court-yard.

The massacres of September 1792 were the calm and formal work of the completed government of the mob. The "sovereign people" had already lain down tired with riot, but they had delegated, by the regular course of revolution, their hatchet and their passion for blood to men, who won them, also according to revolution, by the pre-eminence in barbarity and treason.

In Paris there were many noble, and many wealthy, even after the 10th of August. This offence to the equality of human nature was to be removed. The barriers were closed; domiciliary visits were made; and every man on whom suspicion of honour, or loyalty, or opulence fell, was thrown into prison in the course of a few days. The next step was not less the natural procedure of the populace in power. The prisons were to be *cleared*. Danton and Robespierre assembled a crowd of half-naked patriots in front of the town-hall on the morning of the second of September, gave them brandy and assignats, told them of the immortal rewards of vigorous patriotism, and sent them to cut the prisoners' throats. Before noon, the "peuple magnanime et bon", as they were entitled in the inaugural speech, had murdered 210 ecclesiastics at the convent of the Carmes, without trial or enquiry. The execution then went on in eight prisons at once; it continued in them till

they were all *cleared*; it was not concluded before eight days, and was computed to have consumed nearly 8000 lives.

Dr. Moore, who happened to be near one of the prisons, thus gives us the sentiments of a British *philosophe*, not yet thoroughly fleshed, on the summary justice of the "sovereign."

"Paris, September 2, 5 in the afternoon.

"The most shocking crimes are at this moment perpetrating at the prison of the Abbaye, hard by the hotel in which I now write. A thing unequalled in the annals of wickedness! The mob!—they call them the people here; but they deserve no name by which any thing which has the least relation to human nature can be signified;—a set of monsters have broken into the Abbaye, and are massacring the prisoners.—

"9 at night.

"They have been at this shocking work several hours.—The Abbaye is quite full of prisoners; besides those that were sent there before, great numbers have been sent since the 10th of August; many on slight suspicions; many poor priests on no particular accusation, but merely because they are priests; many citizens, as I have been assured, have been arrested of late, and sent there from the private hatred and revenge of some of the individuals belonging to the commune of Paris. They are making an undistinguished *massacre of all!* Is this

the work of a furious and deluded mob? How come the citizens of this populous metropolis to remain passive spectators of so dreadful an outrage? Is it possible that this is the accomplishment of a plan concerted two or three weeks ago? That those arbitrary arrests were ordered with this view?

"It is now *past twelve* at night, and the bloody work still goes on! Almighty God!"

"September 3.

"The same horrid scenes which began yesterday afternoon are still continuing at the Abbaye, are extended to the La Force, the Conciergerie, all the prisons of Paris, and even the Bicetre, which is a league out of town!" *Moore's Journal.*

To those sacrifices of popular justice there were a few capricious exceptions. The Chevalier St. Meard has left a short narrative of his peril under the title of "Mon agonie de trente-six heures." The tract is curious; for he preserved a regular chronology of his terrors.

"A dix heures.

"L'abbé L'Enfant, confesseur du roi, et l'abbé de Chapt-de-Rastignac parurent dans la tribune de la chapelle qui nous servait de prison. Ils nous annoncerent que notre derniere heure approchait, et nous inviterent de nous recueillir pour recevoir leur benediction. Une mouvement electrique nous pre-

cipita tous à genoux, et les mains jointes, nous la reçumes. Tout repandait sur cette ceremonie une teinte auguste et lugubre, elle nous rapprochait de la divinité ! Une demi-heure après, ces deux prêtres furent massacres, et nous entendimes leurs cris ! "

The " Dernier crise de mon agonie ", gives the aspect of the tribunal.

" A la lueur de deux torches, j'apperçus le terrible tribunal, qui allait me donner ou la vie ou la mort. Le president en habit gris, sabre a son coté, etait appuye debout contre une table, sur laquelle on voyait des papiers, une ecritoire, des pipes, et quelques bouteilles. Cette table etait entourée par dix personnes, assises ou debout, dont deux etaient en veste et en tablier ; d'autres dormaient etendus sur des bancs. En presence du president deux hommes tenaient un prisonnier qui paraissait agé de 60 ans. * * * * * * * * Je le vis massacrer par l'ouverture de la porte du guichet. * * * * * * * * * Je levai les yeux, et j'apperçus plusieurs têtes groupées contre les barreaux du soupirail du guichet." * * * * * *

The chevalier escaped by accident ; he was conveyed out over palpitating bodies, and with peculiar honours ; for the mob, who were regularly mangling away, stopped in their vocation, and took off their hats in honour of " innocence and the laws ! " He was embraced with rapture by those sensitive beings, who

then put on their hats, and turned with a pure spirit to murder as before. His escort home were three assassins, who took brandy in preference to money; and after much French fondling, returned "à leur poste."

It becomes interesting to look at the first movements of a man who had been so long held over the verge of the grave with all the keenness of full recollection and sensitive, vigorous life about him. His "thirty-six hours of agony" left him *un Français* after all. A man of another country might have rushed away at once from the neighbourhood of assassination, —or plunged into solitude, from the natural reluctance to meet in the common intercourses of the day the visages that had bathed themselves in the blood of his friends,—or, not altogether untouched by his deliverance, might have turned into the first chapel that offered him an altar. The chevalier did nothing of the kind; "toujours gai" and "tout-à-fait Français," his first thoughts were chatting and coffee, and so, to gaze and be gazed at, to be kissed by the men, and smiled on by the women, he went forthwith—to the Palais Royal.

This massacre was the work of France—not of a mad mob, but of a mad people. It had none of the excuses of that sudden irritation and impetuous crime whose passion so suddenly turns to solemn penitence. It was the politic, solid, satanic spirit of a democracy; which, beginning in the embittered delusion of the lower orders, at length rose like a conflagration

round the higher ranks of the state. This horrible massacre was perpetrated in the sight of the thirty thousand national guards of Paris, of the whole legislature, of the whole nation. There was for it no prevention, no remonstrance, no punishment. It was the work of *all* revolutionary France, and it will be in one form or another the work of every country that, like France, forgets its allegiance to a king and a God.

Note 4, page 27, line 10.

"*A cannon roars.*"

On the day before the opening of the chambers, the king and the representatives went in procession to Notre Dame. The three troops of mousquetaires preceded the royal carriage; nothing could be richer than their equipment. The greater number of them had followed the king to Ghent; and probably for that reason, for no other can be found, they are now disbanded.

Note 5, page 37, line 11.

"*Never fails its sight of woe.*"

The Morgue, to which those who die by accident or self-murder are carried, is a small building near the Hotel Dieu and the river. The dead are laid on wooden frames in a dimly lighted room, separated from the porch by a glazed partition. At the time mentioned, a young female was lying to be recog-

nised. Suicides are more common in Paris than in any other city of Europe. The habitual irreligion and promiscuous vice of the populace make self-murder almost a regular resource for ill fortune of every kind. The Morgue is seldom empty.

Note 6, page 39, line 1.

"*Fair Angoulême.*"

The princess was observed to weep during the service. She was under the roof where her martyred parents had so often been "the observed of all observers." In the touching narrative of her imprisonment she thus gives the history of a day at the Temple. "The king rose at seven, and was employed in his devotions till eight. Afterwards he dressed himself and his son, and at nine came to breakfast with the queen. After breakfast the king taught the dauphin his lessons till eleven. The child then played till twelve, at which hour the whole family was obliged to walk in the garden (whatever the weather might be) because the guard, which was relieved at that time, wished to see all the prisoners, and satisfy themselves that they were safe. After dinner their majesties played at trictrac or piquet, that they might have an opportunity of saying a few words to one another. At four o'clock, the queen, her sister, and children, generally retired, as the king was accustomed to sleep a little at this hour. At six the dauphin went down again to his father to say his lessons, and to play

till supper-time. After supper, at nine o'clock, the queen undressed him quietly and put him to bed. The princesses then went up to their own apartment again, and the king did not go to bed till eleven. The queen worked a good deal of tapestry: she directed the studies of Madame Royale, and often made her read aloud to her. Madame Elizabeth was frequently in prayer, and read every morning the divine service of the day. She read a good deal in books of piety, and sometimes at the queen's desire would read aloud to them." What a contrast in the dungeon of those noble prisoners to the savageness and incessant tumult without! The men of freedom and illumination were, at this time, whirling through the whole round of massacre.

The tower of the Temple is now level with the ground; but the old attendant has marked its site with a few cords; it was so miserably narrow that nothing but jacobin cruelty could have piled so many human beings in it, even without reference to their rank. The garden is a wretched and circumscribed spot, overlooked by houses in which the most profligate population of Paris lived, and from which placards and effigies, insulting the royal family by the most disgusting and depraved exhibitions, were constantly hung. In one corner there is a decayed fountain. Napoleon in the early days of his supremacy came to see the tower, and was reminded that it had been fatal to its founder, to the general of the templars, and to the late king of France, who had left it only for the scaffold. Napoleon, probably in-

tending that its moral should not be pointed by the fate of an emperor, turned on his heel with, "c'est un oiseau de mauvais augure," and the tower was demolished immediately.

Note 7, page 43, line 18.

"*One, orphan'd one!*"

The allusions to the treachery and punishment of France refer exclusively to the revolutionary empire which we have seen perish. For France, brought within her pacific limits and restored to the spirit of peace, there can be nothing but good hopes, and the desire that misfortune may have purified her. But even in the midst of her crimes, she was not left entirely without the witness of her ancient virtues. The VENDEE was a glorious testimony to the gallant and faithful hearts that yet lived under her cloud of abominations. The Roche Jacqueleins, the D'Autichamps, and their whole illustrious band, will be remembered with all the honours of martyred loyalty.

Note 8, page 44, line 10.

"*Takes his old quarters.*"

In the fine season the Boulevard is the most crowded and amusing part of Paris.

* * * "Gente, piu che altrove troppa
E d'una parte e d'altra con gran'urli
Percuotevan s'incontro."—DANTE.

In 1815 it had the additional variety of being filled with the officers of the allied armies.

Note 9, page 49, line 2.

"*Murder's darkest shrine.*"

On the memorable 10th of August the battle was fought up the grand staircase, and in the royal apartments.

Note 10, page 54, line 8.

"*The banner of the star.*"

L'Etoile de Napoleon.

END OF THE NOTES TO PART I.

PARIS IN 1815.

A POEM.

PART II.

" The Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd."

——————————— " A greater power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom."

MILTON.

NOTE.

THE former part of this Poem touched on the revolutionary memorials of Paris. The time was supposed to occupy the Morning and the Noon. The present view occupies the Evening, to the verge of Night. Its chief objects are, "The Louvre Gallery," "The Venetian Horses," "The Defeat in Russia," "Napoleon's Exile," "The Death of Louis XVI." "George the Third," &c.

PARIS IN 1815.

PART II.

I.

KING of the past, proud sitter by the grave
Where nations slumber; pale Antiquity!
What thousand shapes obey thy sceptre's wave!
Chieftains, with all their hosts like clouds, rush by;
Sages whose thrones are bright in yonder sky;
Genius with all her sons, whose thoughts were wings;
Beauty, whose glance bade empires live and die;
Wild hearts that drank of passion's fiery springs,
All from their shadowy world thy mighty sceptre brings.

II.

Prince, warrior, priest—the crown, the helm, the hood,
Ev'n on this spot, rose, sway'd, and sank away.
Above that golden gate! Napoleon stood— [1]
The curse and omen of our evil day;
Gathering, like thunderclouds, his last array,
That went to battle, ne'er to come again;
Their Xerxes shed no tear! they went to slay;
Vengeance awoke at last, and they were slain!
And now—above it waves the Lily's exiled vane!

III.

There stands his Arch of victory, but there
Its idol stands no more.—His day is done!
Close by the pile sits Austria's cuirassier,
Busy and gazing groups are on it strown,
A wain is at its foot, as if for one
Who on that crowded scaffold came to die;
And the quick murmurings there, the engine's groan,
Short, deep, give semblance of a dying cry:
France, on that scaffold ends thy gloomy sovereignty.

IV.

For, thence must stoop the glorious Grecian steeds [2]
That his fierce hand had yoked to Victory's wheel.
Now following where a newer conqueror leads,
To thy blue waters, Venice, bends their heel!
Trophies! how oft has steel thus shiver'd steel,
Since first their wanderings fix'd the doom of war!
But lives not in those fiery fronts a spell?
Were not those orb'd eyes moulded, when the air
Of midnight shook and glowed with the red comet's glare?

V.

Ye stars! bright legions that, before all time,
Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
Your burning myriads, but the eye of HIM
Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel?
Yet who earthborn can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—Eternity?
What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie?

VI.

For ye behold the MIGHTIEST! From that steep
What ages have worshipp'd round your KING!
Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er Earth's sleep;
Ye heard the morning angels o'er it sing;
Upon that orb, above me quivering,
Gazed Adam from his bower in paradise.
The wanderers of the Deluge saw it spring
Above the buried world, and hail'd its rise,
Lighting their lonely track with Faith's celestial dyes.

VII.

On CALVARY shot down that purple eye,
When, but the soldier and the sacrifice
All were departed.—Mount of Agony!
But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
Your vineyard shall be shaken!—From your urn,
Censers of Heaven! no more shall glory rise,
Your incense to the THRONE!—The heavens shall burn:
For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

VIII.

Yet, look ye living intellects.—The trine
Of waning planets speaks it not decay?
Does Schedir's staff of diamond wave no sign?
Monarch of midnight, Sirius, shoots thy ray
Undimm'd, when thrones sublunar pass away?
Dreams!—yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
Your spell on gem or imaged alchemy,
The sign when empire's hour-glass downwards ran,
'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

IX.

Greece! thou wast still a country,—Memory bleeds
To think how early died that glorious name!
Yet still 't was glorious, while the matchless Steeds
Stood on thy Isthmus gate.—The Roman came,
Red from the fight, his eagle's wing of flame
Waving o'er idol shields, and wolf-crests tall;
Then widow'd Corinth groan'd, in all her shame,
To see the Lictors mount the pedestal.
Then Greece was doom'd to fall; a deadly, final fall.

X.

The glass ran down! The immortal Steeds again
Must set to rise, like empire's fatal star;
Rome, the world's vanquisher, seem'd vanquished then.
The unhelm'd Roman beat his breast afar,
The spoilers march'd in pomp of eastern war.
There loured from elephants the turban'd brow,
There archers gleam'd on camel and on car,
And there, in gold and gem's barbaric glow,
Triumph'd the purpled Greek—the King of Kings below.

XI.

But stronger omens chill the idolater;
Above the standards towers a CROSS of red.
Oh, if he knew that sign, no sign of fear!
Rome's crown is rent; now may her Pontiff shed
The ashes on his brow, her Augur spread
His eyes to mark the lightning o'er his shrine.
The hour has come! The mystic steeds have fled,
The Eagle stoops before the Cross divine;
Empire has gone, to dwell with mighty CONSTANTINE.

XII.

The glass ran down! Long had the coursers stood,
Of Fate and Empire the unchanged record;
Long had the EASTERN HARLOT's cup of blood
Made drunk the nations at her midnight board;
Long had the martyr's groan from racks been pour'd;
Their graves cried out, the winds bore up the cry,
And it was heard, and in the West the sword
Was girded on the Christian champion's thigh:
Woe to her turban'd front of pride and blasphemy.

XIII.

A hostile trumpet summon'd.—'Twas a sound
That ne'er before had pierced her jewell'd ear.
On her indignant brow the helm was bound,
With giant grasp she seized the mace and spear.
She look'd upon the sea.—A cross was there,
Red as her own, and with it rush'd a train,
That seem'd like Ocean's lords their barks to steer,
An endless cloud of mast, and sheet, and vane,
Tempest of wrath and woe, with blood for all the rain.

XIV.

I must to other themes, yet thought delays
As o'er a noble grave, above the scene,
Brought by that hour before me ;—morning's blaze
Flaming on wall, and shore, and surge of green ;
The galleys, like a wood, the capes between,
Then flashing onwards ;—on the foremost prow
A warrior who his ninetieth year has seen,
To whom the ring of gold-mail'd princes bow,
As if to WAR grown old, immortal Dandolo !—

XV.

Constantinople !—then thy shout arose,
And from thy ramparts roll'd the mystic flame
Unquenchable—The ranks of battle close :
The galleys rush'd with catapult and ram,
Like hail the lances from the turrets came,
And decks were fired, and champions downwards flung,
Till wall, and shore, and surge in crimson swam.
'Twas noon, the Grecian trumpet fainter rung ;
At eve the Red-cross knights their hymn of triumph sung !

XVI.

Then saw the Hippodrome the Genoese spear,
For the bright Steeds must sail the western sea;
And round the Circus gallop'd in career,
With blazon'd shield, helm barr'd, and lance at knee,
Like towers of steel, the German Chivalry.
The Venice mariner, in cap and plume,
And gold-seam'd gabardine, look'd on with glee;
The Greek stood rapt, as by an opening tomb,
As if his spirit saw the Turk in Sophia's Dome.

XVII.

The glass ran down! and Venice must resign
The talisman of empire to the Gaul.
Her emerald ring no more must wed the brine.
Feebly she falls, yet more than she must fall:
A thousand years had stood her sacred wall,
The Isthmus-guard to lovely Italy;
And now the horn has blown the final call
That bids in chains another Corinth lie,
Another Greece bow down to blood and perfidy.

XVIII.

A throng was in St. Mark's, but 'twas no throng
Like that, which o'er the Adriatic foam
Had borne the Steeds with warrior shout and song,
Then fix'd them for long glory o'er the dome:
She sinn'd, and now the hour of wrath was come;
Though 'twas the robber made the adult'ress bare:
The crowd were fierce-eyed men with pike and drum
And brazen gun, and tri-colour's broad glare;
The pale Venetian stood aloof, in weak despair.

XIX.

Such is the spoil of Time!—Unhallowed thought [3]!
Empires might stand, unshaken as their globe.
But which has worn its ermine without spot?
'Twas Justice, and not Time that tore their robe.
What sent the steel their pamper'd hearts to probe?
'Twas their own blow, no matter by what name,
Conspirator, or conqueror, monarch, mob.
They built their pile, then Judgment sent the flame,
To rid the earth of guilt, the wearied heaven of shame.

XX.

'Tis not in mockery of man that earth
Is strewed with splendid fragments, temple, tower;
That realms, where glory sprang full arm'd to birth,
Are desolate, the snake and tiger's bower;—
They lie the monuments of evil power,
Not freaks of chance, but warnings against crime;
And ancient Nineveh, to earth's last hour,
Had she been pure, might stand as in her prime;
Nay, stand in growing pomp, till God had finish'd time.

XXI.

England! my great, my glorious,—loved with love
That almost makes a portion of the soul;
The hour has come to fix thine eye above.
There lie the thunders thou alone must roll,
And roll upon thyself;—There spreads the scroll,
Where thine own hand must write thy destiny.
None can decide but thou, if wolves shall howl,
And the black viper in thy temples lie.
Be holy, and thou 'rt saved; England, thou must not die!

XXII.

Again the glass runs down! The Steeds must range;
Aye, till the tangled web of Time be spun.
Thou King of Kings, above all chance or change,
When shall this toil and strife of earth be done;
When his Great Year be roll'd by Empire's sun?
Come to our world, thou Triumpher, whose train
Are cherubim, and take thy promised throne.
Come Conqueror of man's misery, death's chain.
Come, first-born from the dead, and reign, for ever reign!

XXIII.

The Louvre halls are fill'd with strange turmoil
Of axe and hammer, steps and voices loud,
For there the victors seize a noble spoil;
'Twas won by England's arm in Soignié's wood.
Yon bayonets still are rusty with the blood
That drench'd its dark ravines. The struggle 's o'er,
So may the restless rancour be subdued.
The final lesson 's given. The might that tore
That matchless prize from France, proclaimed, "Go sin no more."[4]

XXIV.

Kingly and broad ascends the Parian stair,
Fit entrance to the regal glories nigh;
And toilsome 'tis to make the passage there,
Through its thick crowd incessant rushing by.
The summit gain'd,—like lightning on the eye,
Bursts the deep vision, from the stately door,
One colour'd splendour, far as glance can fly,
Gold, marble, giant mirror, o'er and o'er,
Flashing in sun-like streams from fretted vault to floor.

XXV.

These were thy spoil, sad Italy: the prey
Of slaves that sent thy glories to the tomb.
Still on thy odour-breathing heaven the day
Awoke on roses, and the evening gloom
Sail'd down the azure on as soft a plume
As ever fann'd the air in Summer's bower;
But the high voice that bade the nations come
To love and worship, parted in that hour.
These were thy crown of stars, thy soul, thy living power!

XXVI.

Yet these are thy revenge.—The spoiler's spoil'd;—
Ev'n on this spot is given the deadliest blow;
Here on the robber's head his crime recoil'd.
Strange scene, of wonderers hasting to and fro,
And soldiers on their posts parading slow,
And the fix'd native with his livid glare,
And woman with her ready burst of woe,
And eager artists scaffolded in air,
Catching its pomps before that dazzling wall is bare.

XXVII.

But man and earth have vanish'd from the eye,
Once on its host of silent beauty roll'd,
Ranged in their tribes, ascending majesty!
Holland's fine touch, the Flanders pencil bold,
Superb Venetian, pearl and purple stoled;
Romantic Lombard, fiery Florentine,
Brightening, as up the Alp the evening's gold
From the deep vineyard to the crown of pine,
Till, on the marble peak, 'tis mix'd with heaven,—divine!

XXVIII.

What are those tablets round me? Living minds—
The mighty soul in form and pressure wrought;—
Unfolded natures,—where the vision winds
Thro' what was dream, deep throb, unutter'd thought.
There breathes Salvator! That red lightning shot
From its dark throne to fire that forest hoar,
That combat in its burnings madly fought,
That lake convulsed beneath the tempest's roar,
All in Salvator's soul toss'd, battled, burn'd, before.

XXIX.

And o'er them, o'er these very hues have hung
The men, whom empires reckon in their fame,
Kings, sages;—Here from morn till midnight clung
Immortal genius, lavishing its flame.
Guido for this flung down his maddening game,
Startling the revellers, who saw his eyes
Flashing with thoughts that like the lightnings came,
And his brow clouding, as the vision'd cries
Of PETER woke his own repentant agonies[5].

XXX.

Here, Raphael! is reveal'd the mystery,
That fixed the hectic crimson on thy cheek—
Here sank the earnest radiance of thine eye,
Dying beneath th' empassioned thoughts, that wreck
Spirits like thine;—Those eagle flights that seek
And perish in the sun-beams;—glorious fires,
That from their heaven around the mountain break
With crowning splendour, till the storm retires,
Leaving but smoke and dust, of all its marble spires.

XXXI.

Behold the MASTERPIECE,—as not with hands
Of human weakness wrought! how fiercely cold
That boy, divested of his nature, stands,
Maddening!—his eye in wild possession roll'd!
How shrinks the father from his stony hold!
What sorrow in the kneeling sister's eye
Turns on the group of more than mortal mould,
That o'er him all their words of wonder try,
All vain, all vanquish'd, he must writhe, and waste, and die[6].

XXXII.

The hope of hopes is there! but to the mount
Scarce dare their holy hands or eye-balls turn.
For on its brow, amid a fiery fount,
He floats, by his instinctive virtue borne,
He, for whose wounds the tribes of earth shall mourn,
Transfigured, in the majesty divine.
Jerusalem! that glory was thy scorn,
Thy king was made a mockery and a sign,
A thousand years!—His blood is still on thee and thine!

XXXIII.

Resplendent Titian[7]! what a host of thoughts,
What memories of stars and midnight moons,
And long hours pass'd beneath the emerald vaults
Of forests, and the sweet eve's thousand tunes,
When the breeze rushes through the vine-festoons,
Show'ring their dew-drops; are concentred here!
And forms of prince and knight in proud saloons,
And dames with dark Italian eyes, that ne'er
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's bewitching tear.

XXXIV.

Prometheus of the pencil! life and light
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty hand,
All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight
Where tempests die on heaven; or ever waned
On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or stain'd
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cell,
Or glanced from gem-dropt wing, or blossom vein'd,
Or tinged in ocean-caves the radiant shell,
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their fountains swell.

XXXV.

There shines thy trophy! a delicious maze
Of forest paths luxuriant, where the sun
Sinks, like a far-off city in a blaze,
In purple sheathing trunk and umbrage dun.
But there a fearful vengeance has begun!
The sword of wrath is in the victim's brain,
The Bigot's race of blood in blood is run.
He falls—his eye-ball writhes with mortal pain,
Yet flashes fiery pride. He struggles,—faints,—he 's slain.

XXXVI.

But lo! the East is deepening; and the shade
Floats in grey softness down the gorgeous Hall,
Veiling the crimson cheek and glossy braid;
And wreathing in its slow and sweeping pall
Mirror, and bust, and Parian capital.
Silence is throned,—in distance dies the tread,—
And in the gloom its kings and champions all,
Sitting with truncheon'd hand and hoary head,
Seem spirits from the grave, a council of the dead!

XXXVII.

But eve still glows on every shaft and plinth,
And painted roof and sculptured architrave
In the rich halls below; that Labyrinth,—
Whose people are the gods of sky and wave,
Idols! that Greece to the world's worship gave,
The madness, dream, delight of sterner days,
Till Greece was but a name—a fetter'd slave.
Here is their shrine;—and the sweet sun delays,
As on their golden domes of old he loved to gaze.

XXXVIII.

Are they but stone?—Ay, many an age the wave
Has beat on beds as precious, and the sheep
Has nibbled the wild vine-shoots round the cave
Where their white beauty slept, and still might sleep,
Had not the master-chisel plunging deep
Awoke the living image from the stone.
Was their Creator born to swell the heap
Of earth's decay,—be measured by a moon?
The soul's supremacy decrees the soul its throne!

XXXIX.

Tombs are deceivers—What a mass of mind
Were church-yards,—if the chambers of the brain
Dungeon'd the spirit! Sceptic, grasp the wind,
Rule the outgoings of the storm, then chain
The fiery thought that neither mount nor main,
Not earth, heaven, time, nor thou, Eternity,
With thy dark-frowning grandeur, can restrain.
There lies the house of bondage, let it lie!
The ransom'd slave 's gone forth—his freedom was to die.

XL.

I have descended to the ancient vault,
And held communion with the remnants there.
What saw I then? I saw the velvet rot;
I saw the massive brass, like cobwebs, tear;
Shewing within its rents a shape of fear,
A wreck of man; from which the reptile stole
Scared by the light.—Decaying slumberer,
The thunders on thine ear unheard might roll!
Is this pale ruin the tomb, the temple of the soul!

XLI.

Oh! misery if it were: That gliding worm
Might make its mock of us,—it feeds and then
Is full and happy—and the lordliest form
That ever ruled its fellow-wretches, men—
What were it but the lion in the den,
Biting its fetters, groaning for the sweep
Of its strong sinews?—Better, not have been,
Than desperate gaze on heaven's forbidden steep,
Than feel this world a woe; the next, death, ashes, sleep!

XLII.

But the freed spirit's gone;—upon the floods,
The rolling of whose waves is life, 'tis gone!
And it has mingled with the diadem'd crowds
That wing above the light of star or sun,
It lives at last,—its being has begun!
Ay, from the moment that its clouded eye
Closed on the chamber hush'd and taper dun,
It gazed on things unutterable, high
Above all height,—all hope;—on Immortality!

XLIII.

Now, to the world again.—The thought has past!—
It came, and for itself made words, and now
Has gone—as fitful as the summer blast.
Again I see imperial overthrow,
The halls resound with heavy crash and blow,
Engines and trooping feet, and labour's cries;
For there the God of many a realm lies low,
Unthroned, upon the floor's mosaic dyes,
Yet worshipp'd still, the love, the wonder of all eyes.

XLIV.

That crowd itself a wonder; half the world
Seem'd to have sent it for some final deed.
There gazed the deep-brow'd Calmuck, that unfurl'd
His flag by China's wall:—In wolfskin weed
The bearded Bashkir with his lance of reed;—
There the bold hunter, nursed beneath thy sky,
Tyrol, his Austrian master's strength and dread;—
There the helm'd Prussian—vengeance in his eye,
Till the last debt is paid to bitter memory.

XLV.

There the green Russian, that across thy wave,
Wild Euxine! shoots his glance of wrath and scorn
On the proud Sultanry, stupendous grave!
Where Power sits throned in shadowy pomp forlorn
Beneath the Crescent's swift-declining horn.
There towers, in gold and scarlet harnessries,
The lordly Briton, by whose lance was borne
The GODLESS to the earth, no more to rise!
Champion of Man and Heaven—the ransom'd world's *his*
prize.

XLVI.

But all is rapture, reverence round one shrine [8],
Arch'd by the sunset with a burst of rays;
A form seems floating out, a youth divine,
Half throned, half mantled in the amber haze,—
High scorn, instinctive power are in his gaze;
His bow is scarce relax'd, his shaft scarce flown,
His arm uplifted still, his tress still plays;
He bends to catch the Python's dying groan,
Yet bends as if that spot were his Olympian throne.

XLVII.

King of the sun-beams—on the silvery shore
Of Delos stood thy glory, and thy name
Rose solemn from its caves and forests hoar;
And ever on its waves proud pilgrims came
Bearing upon their barks the incense-flame;
Bards, warriors, kings, with laurel-wreath and lyre,
Bound to the Mystic Isle [9], where life—a dream,
A lovely dream! nor cradle knew nor pyre;
Greece! like thy early heart; its fire, all hallow'd fire!

XLVIII.

The Persian millions came.—Thy oracle
In thunder o'er them utter'd Destiny!
From the barbarian's hand down dropped the steel,
Back rush'd their prows, it told they came to die!
Silent as death, the trump, the warrior cry,—
The slave, the satrap on his galley-throne,
The Monarch in his jewell'd canopy!
All prostrate, till afar their hosts were gone,
Girding the waters blue, a golden, sunset zone.

XLIX.

Then, answering thunders from the Olympian hill
Roll'd their deep summons to the yeasty waves,
To come, and of destruction have their fill:
And the ten thousand billows all were graves.
And on his charger through the turban'd slaves
Rode bloody Death from mountain-top to shore;
Calling the wolf and wild-dog from their caves,
And the young lion from his forest hoar,
To glut their burning jaws with kings' and princes' gore.

L.

Laocoon[10]! round thy splendid form are flung
Inextricable spires,—twin serpents chain
Thy mighty limbs,—like fire, the forky tongue
Shoots o'er thy brow, that writhes with more than pain;
Their plunging fangs thy patriot life-blood drain,
Their volumes clasp thy sons, and all must die,—
But wrath and wrong are burning in thy brain,
Upon thy boys is fix'd no father's eye;
'Tis cast on Heaven, in bold, accusing agony.

LI.

Beside him sinks a warrior on his shield[11],
Whose history the heart alone must tell!
Now, dim in eye—he looks, as on the field,
Where when he fell, his country with him fell.
Death sickens all his soul, the blood-drops steal
Slow from his breast, congealing round the wound;
His strong arm shakes, his chest has lost its swell,
'Tis his last breath,—his eye-ball glares profound,
His heavy forehead glooms, bends, plunges, to the ground!

114 22.35.5 P.

LII.

Yet had the bold barbarian joy; if tears
For Roman slaughter could rejoice his soul.
Did he not hear the crashing of the spears?
When like a midnight tide, his warriors stole
Around the slumb'ring legions—till the roll
Of the wild forest-drum awoke the glen;
And every blow let loose a Roman soul.
So let them sting the lion in his den;
Chains and the spear are chaff, when Heaven gives hearts to men!

LIII.

Had not that with'ring lip quaff'd long and deep,
The cup that vengeance for the patriot fills;
When swords instinctive from their scabbards leap,
When the dim forests, and the mighty hills,
And the lone gushings of the mountain rills,
All utter to the soul a cry of shame;
And shame, like drops of molten brass, distils
On the bare head and bosom of the tame,
Till the whole fetter'd man, heart, blood, and brain, is flame.

LIV.

Then there were lightnings in that clouded eye,
And sounds of triumph in that heavy ear;
Aye, and that icy limb was bounding nigh,
Tracking the Roman with the bow and spear,
As through the live-long night the death-march drear
Pierced the deep forests o'er the slaughter grown;
Seeking for ancient chief and comrade dear,
Through wolf-torn graves and haggard piles of bone,
Along the rampart ruins, and marshy trenches strown.

LV.

And what they sought they found, in wild-weed robes,
Laid in the sepulchres that thunder ploughs.
They found the circle, where the thronging globes
Of German warriors held the night's carouse,
And groans of death, and Magic's fearful vows
Startled the moon. Around the altars lay
The human hecatomb! in ghastly rows,
The leaders still unmix'd with meaner clay,
Tribune and consul stretch'd in white and wild decay.

LVI.

But have I still forgot thee [13], loveliest far
Of all,—enchanting image of Love's queen?
Or did I linger but till yon blue star,
Thy star, should crown thee with its light serene?
There stands the goddess, by the Grecian seen
In the mind's lonely, deep idolatry;
When twilight o'er Cythera's wave of green,
Drew her rich curtain, and his upturn'd eye
Was burning with the pomps of earth, and sea, and sky.

LVII.

Then came the dreamer's glorious ecstasy;
And from the vale of lilies, and the wood
Blushing with Persian roses, breathed the sigh
Of more than music; and the spell-bound flood
Bore on its waveless breast a living cloud,
Chariots of pearl, and proud sea-horses curb'd,
That with their breasts the green to silver plough'd;
And nymphs and tritons lifting trumpets orb'd,
Young Venus! round thy throne, in its own light absorb'd.

LVIII.

The shore is reach'd, and fear, bewitching fear,
Is in her bending form, and glancing eye,
And veiling hand, and timid-turning ear;
She listens,—'twas but Eve's enamour'd sigh!
Yet has it heaved her bosom's ivory—
Yet has it on the shore her footstep spell'd;
'Tis past.—The rustling rose alone is nigh,—
She smiles; and in that smile is all reveal'd
The charm, to which so soon the living world shall yield.

LIX.

There is a vital richness in the air,
That comes in gushes on this fading hour;
And, stately France! though Attic taste might stare
At thy strange garden freaks of fount and bower;
There lives a little soother, where one flower
Springs from its turf, a soother meant for man;
Perhaps to win his heart with silent power
To fields and peaceful thoughts from cities wan,
Where it so oft "disquieteth itself in vain."

LX.

Night's wing is on the east—the clouds repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose;
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent
In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sigh'd by blossoms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From Evening's airy urns their purple lips has chill'd.

LXI.

How subtly Nature mingles in the heart
The past, the future, in this lovely time!
How home and heaven together on us start!
England! 'tis now thy autumn-sky sublime
Reminds us of the parted spirit's clime,
The hamlet clock strikes solemn as a knell;
The sinking breeze that wafts the distant chime,
The heavy harvest-team's returning bell,
The gleaner's homeward call, seem life's sad, sweet farewell.

LXII.

But thousands, tens of thousands in thy fields
Are counting every shade that dims this hour,
With frequent sunward look till day-light yields,
And each can turn him to the humble bower,
Where his own hand has planted every flower;
Time out of mind his father's quiet home;
Where waits him one, whose virtue was her dower,
Cheering her infants, as the deepening gloom,
Shed from the poplars, tells, he sure and soon will come.

LXIII.

He comes; the moon has lit him home at last,
And he has thrown his harvest hook away,
And kiss'd the nut-brown babes that round him haste,
Each with the little wonder of its day.
The lowly meal is spread, the moon-beams play
Through panes that bushy rose and wall-flower veil,
And soon to make them music, on her spray,
Her wonted, neighbour spray, the nightingale
Pours on the holy hour her thrilling, endless tale.

LXIV.

The breeze has fall'n—but sudden symphonies
Swell from beyond the gate and statued wall;
As if they echoed from the breathless skies,
The wavings of the night's o'ershadowing pall.
I am no weeper, but their rise and fall
Disturbs me,—Is the soul a harp whose strings
Vibrate tumultuous tones at music's call?
A fount, that when her touch unseals its springs
Gushes through all its old, enchanted wanderings?

LXV.

There is a flash of steel through yonder trees[13],
A wave of standards and a toss of plumes
O'er scarlet ranks, like foam-bursts upon seas
Ruddy with lightnings.—Hark! those well-known drums
Rolling along the shadowy camp, as comes
The night breeze rolling, then with distant wing
Sunk in wild music.—Now along the glooms
Echoes the silver trumpet, cymbals ring,
'Tis England's martial hymn!—there swells, "God save the King."

LXVI.

"God save the King"—a thousand shapes of war,
Of valour, freedom, glorious suffering,
In sudden vision crowd the marble air,
Raised at the sound. Yet fearful memories fling
Their darkness on the spirit.—Here a king
Laid down his sacred head and died!—Oh, crime,
What torrents of black carnage were to spring?
What havoc of the rebel nation's prime?
Before her soul repaid that monarch's death sublime?

LXVII.

Paris! there was no sleep beneath thy roofs
The morn that saw that deed. The dim streets rung,
Long before day, with cannon, trampling hoofs,
And, fearfullest of all, the Tocsin's tongue.
Startling the eye, the passing torches flung
Their flash through many a chamber from beneath,
Then vanish'd with the thick and hurrying throng;
While the heart-sinking listener held his breath,
Catching in every sound the distant roar of death.

LXVIII.

But earlier than that dim and early hour
A lonely taper twinkled through the gloom;
'Twas from the casement of the Temple tower;
'Twas from a king's, a martyr's, dungeon-room!
There he subdued his spirit for its doom;
And one old priest, and one pale follower,
Knelt weeping, as beside their master's tomb.
Rude was the altar, but the heart was there,
And peace and solemn hope were in that prison prayer.

LXIX.

But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared below;
And from the tower rose woman's loud lament
And infant cries; and shadows seem'd to go
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish bent,
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then, as spent,
Sink down, and all be silent for a time;
Until the royal victims' souls were rent
With some new yell of cruelty and crime,
Or thunder'd through the dusk the Tocsin's deadly chime.

LXX.

The morning came in clouds; the winter's blast
Swept down in stormy gusts, then sank away
In ominous moanings, chilling, as it past,
The thousands posted in their stern array.
There was no opening door, no sound of day,
No song, no cry along the pale Boulevard;
And, save some ghastly banner's distant play,
Some clang, when in the gust the lances jarr'd,
All stretch'd before the eye one endless charnel yard.

LXXI.

And 'twas as wild and still within the square,
This square of luxury *! The morn arose;
An iron harvest bristled through the air,
Bayonet and pike in countless, close-lock'd rows.
Silent as death the crowd,—the grim repose
Before the earthquake;—None from roof or wall
Might look; no hand the casement might unclose.
And in their centre, frowning o'er them all,
Their idol—the sole god before whose name they fall:

* Place Louis Quinze.

LXXII.

The Guillotine!—when Hell prepared the feast,
Where guilty France was drunk, but not with wine;
Till madness sat upon her vision'd breast,—
This was the press that crush'd her bloody vine.
To this grim altar came the shuddering line,
Whose worship was,—beneath its knife to lie;
The haggard traitors to the throne and shrine,
By traitors crush'd, that in their turn must die;
Till massacre engulph'd the wreck of Liberty.

LXXIII.

The Guillotine.—It stood in that pale day
Like a huge spectre, just from earth upsprung,
To summon to the tomb the fierce array
That round its feet in desperate homage clung.
But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung.
All eyes were turn'd, and far as eye could stray,
Was caught a light, from moving helmets flung,
A banner tossing in the tempest's sway,
A wain, that through the throng slow toil'd its weary way.

LXXIV.

He comes—the monarch on the scaffold stands;
The headsmen grasp him!—Of the thousands there,
That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd hands,
Not one has given a blessing or a tear;
But that old priest who answers him in prayer.
He speaks; his dying thoughts to France are given,
His voice is drown'd; for murder has no ear.
The patient victim to the axe is driven.
Then cried the blood, whose cry is heard from Earth to Heaven!

LXXV.

The grave must tell, when it gives up its dead,
Their after hours who o'er that blood blasphemed;
What myriads perish'd on a bloody bed,
By the pursuing hoof and sabre seam'd;
What haughty heads upon the scaffold stream'd,
What eyes rain'd anguish in the den and chain,
When on their dying hour this moment gleam'd;
What wretches felt it maddening all their pain,
From Moscow funeral fires to Belgium's gory plain.

LXXVI.

France was anathema.—Her cup before
Was full, but this o'ertopp'd its burning brim.
And plagues like serpent-teeth her entrails tore;
Crime rush'd to ravage through a land of crime!
In the sack'd sepulchre caroused the mime;
On God's high altar sat Idolatry;
Before the harlot knelt the nation's prime,
And sons dragg'd fathers, fathers sons to die;
'Till Judgment girt the bow on its eternal thigh.

LXXVII.

This was our nature freed from God and king!
This was Rebellion's consummated dream!
Evil unchain'd,—all tortured, torturing;
The light of life, a wildering phantom-gleam,
A vapour of the hot and livid stream
Pour'd from the gory fount of Regicide;
The strife of madness,—fiery hearts, that teem
With shapes of guilt that but that den could hide;
Gnashings, and taunts, and groans, ascending wild and wide.

LXXVIII.

And by that place of torment England sate
Like a bright spirit with unsleeping eyes,
Commission'd to keep watch at Hell's dark gate;
Hearing within its voice of agonies,
Seeing its smokes of restless torture rise,
Itself unstain'd; and on that fearful guard,
Still holding high communion with the skies;
Still on its brow the helmet-diadem starr'd,
The splendid plume still pure, the angel cheek unmarr'd.

LXXIX.

France was in dust [14],—a dying funeral pyre;
But from its embers sprang a sudden throne,
That round the kingdoms shot resistless fire.
In its pavilion sate a fearful one,
Alone in power, in gloomy guilt alone;
Stern, subtle, selfish;—cruelty his sword,
Apostacy upon his brow the crown,
He sat the homicidal empire's lord;
Heaven's instrument of woe, man's fear, ador'd, abhorr'd.

LXXX.

His glance look'd o'er the nations as a field
For slaughter,—and his trumpet rang their knell;
For they were stain'd, and Faith's high temper'd shield
Sank from their grasp before the infidel.
Then did his heart with impious boastings swell;
Salmoneus! 'tis thy tale of mockery.
His meanest thought was might and miracle,
His idlest word an omen from on high,
And France, a ready slave, re-echoed all the lie.

LXXXI.

But rushing from its clouds, a viewless grasp
Seized the impostor in his car of flame,
And cleft the crown, and tore the vesture's clasp,
And show'd him as he was!—The nations came
Around in laughter stern, and lofty shame,
To see the tyrant bend his naked brow,
Fawning for abject life,—the tiger tame—
Dragging his chains,—the rabble's vagrant show,
Licking the dust before his first, last, noblest foe.

LXXXII.

Was this the work of man? Eternal King,
Thou hearer of the orphan's midnight cry!
What tribute shall the ransom'd empires bring
For that new life of life, for Liberty.
Earth had been one wide dungeon but for thee,
And man had lived in woe, in woe had died.
In vain the mighty hills, the surging sea,
Where could the victim from the oppressor hide,
When all her regions lay beneath one iron stride?

LXXXIII.

The veil is rent above us. 'Twas a word
Omnipotent, which check'd that final hour.
It summon'd not the faithful warrior's sword;
The world stood hush'd at its descending power.
Then follow'd its fierce armies, cloud and shower,
The hail that shot its arrows from on high,
The blast that on the atheist host burn'd frore,
The storm that roll'd like midnight on the sky,
To make the deadly sheet in which their limbs must lie.

LXXXIV.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar?
Like pamper'd lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood.—What are they now? a name.

LXXXV.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rush'd through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangor rude
Of drum and horn and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sun-beam pale.

LXXXVI.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff and chill,
Friend, foe, stretch'd thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre,
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mould'ring drear.

LXXXVII.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate,—
The cannon flung dismantled by its porte;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and throng'd with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels, they shudder'd and rush'd on.

LXXXVIII.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

LXXXIX.

They reach the Wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness,—dark earth, and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays
Even by a skeleton the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze
Wrapping their rear in night, before their van
The struggling day-light shows the unmeasûr'd desert wan.

XC.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of his wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil,
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel,
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble men of blood, the Judgment has begun!

XCI.

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answer'd by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley, down the hailstones pour;—
Blind, famish'd, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

XCII.

Such is the hand of heaven[15]! A human blow
Had crush'd them in the fight, or flung the chain,
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low,
And all be still'd. But THOU! thy battle plain
Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom,
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain,)
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

XCIII.

The despot 'scaped; for his was yet to show
What mimes may play ambition's haughtiest part,
To show the recreant branded on his brow,
Whose noblest art was but the slaughterer's art;
Lest future villains from the mire should start,
And rave, and slay, and dare to call it fame.
Behold him *now*, the man without a heart,
Him of the battles,—him the soul of flame,—
Scorn'd, banish'd, chain'd for life; and glad to live in shame.

XCIV.

He 's gone!—The world in arms pronounced his ban,
His wand is plunged ten thousand fathoms deep:
The sword of wrath has broke his talisman;
And now, to his foul tomb content to creep,
The outcast wanders on the loneliest steep,
That ever whiten'd to the ocean wave;
A monument of blasted guilt, to weep,
If his hard eye can weep, the price he gave,
To meet that spot at last,—his prison and his grave.

XCV.

But he has perish'd, as the broken surge
That at his feet now dies along the shore:
The scourge's work fulfill'd—the gory scourge
Is flung abhorr'd away—his world is o'er.
Fool! see thy emblem [16]; where with rush and roar
The ocean-pillar whirls to meet the sky,
Ploughing with giant speed the waters hoar,
Fear to the distant, ruin to the nigh;
It bursts—it sinks—'tis gone—its very echoes die.

XCVI.

Earth shook with that wild empire's overthrow;
And the foundations, that as fate seem'd deep,
Are dust—and England gave the final blow.
France rush'd like lava from the mountain's steep,
But England met it with the ocean's sweep,
And o'er it roll'd in towering majesty,
Leaving its burning mass, a gloomy heap.
Days of our toil and triumph! ye shall die—
But on the self same pile with man, and memory!

XCVII.

Monarch of England! in our trial-hour,
Thy prayer was to thy people shield and sword;
Thy secret spirit was a living power.
Like his who on the mountain's [17] brow adored
When round its base the pagan battle roar'd;
The lifting of thy hands was victory;
A deadlier host around our mountain pour'd.
Now dust and ashes on their standards lie,
Why was that triumph hid from thy paternal eye!

XCVIII.

It was in mercy that the veil was spread!
Thou didst not see the blossoms of thy throne,
Mother and infant, on one dying bed.
Thou didst not weep upon the sullen stone
That hid thy queen; thy more than princely son;
High dreams were glowing round thy lonely tower;
Still lived to thee each loved and parted one;
Till on thine eye-ball burst th' immortal hour,
And the dead met thy gaze in angel light and power.

XCIX.

We talk not of the parting rites—the pomp—
Our heart above our Father's grave decays.
Yet all was regal there; the silver tromp,
The proud procession through the Gothic maze,
The silken banner, thousand torches' blaze,
Gilding the painted pane, and imaged stone;
The chapel's deeper glow,—the cresset's rays,
Like diamonds on the wall of velvet strown;
And, flashing from the roof, the helm, and gonfalon.

C.

Yet still the thought is hallow'd; and the train
Of solemn memories o'er the mind will come
With long and lofty pleasure, touch'd by pain.
I hear the anthem; now, as in the tomb,
Dying away;—then, through the upper gloom
Roll'd, like the Judgment thunders from the cloud,
Above that deep and gorgeous catacomb,
Where sat the nation's mightiest, pale, and proud,
Throned in their dim alcoves, each fix'd as in his shroud.

CI.

Still lives the vision of the kingly hall,
The noble kneeling in his canopy,
The prelate in his sculptured, shadowy stall,
The knight beneath his falchion glittering high,
All bending on a central pall the eye,
Where melancholy gleams a crown of gold,
An empty crown.—'Tis sinking, silently,
'Tis gone! yet does the living world not hold
A purer heart than now beneath that crown is cold.

CII.

And ye ethereal ministrants, whose eyes
Night veils not; splendid watchers of our sphere;
Heard ye not rising to your solemn skies
From the land's widest limits voices drear,
As if in each that moment sank the bier?
From mount and shore roll'd up the mighty peal,
Then died!—and all was death-like on the ear.
But it was gone afar, the ocean's swell
Round the hush'd world had borne its noblest monarch's knell.

CIII.

Raise we his monument! what giant pile
Shall honour him to far posterity?
His monument shall be his ocean-isle,
The voice of his redeeming thunders be
His epitaph upon the silver sea.
And million spirits from whose necks he tore
The fetter, and made soul and body free;
And unborn millions from earth's farthest shore
Shall bless the CHRISTIAN KING, till the last sun is o'er.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 80, line 3.

"*Napoleon stood.*"

THE principal parade of the troops in Paris is in the court of the Tuilleries. Napoleon usually took his place in front of the entrance to the palace, or in the balcony above it. The chief part of the army that afterwards perished at Waterloo, marched through this court under his eye.

Note 2, page 81, line 1.

"*The glorious Grecian steeds.*"

Napoleon's plunder of the Italian works of art, was, throughout, a work of lawless and perfidious robbery; a mere operation of the sword. Yet the Venetian horses afforded a strong

temptation to a conqueror. From the fame of their antiquity, and the connexion of their change of place with signal political change, they form, perhaps, the most curious trophy in the world. Their history has been a matter of late and violent controversy, but it seems to be settled nearly in this order.

Our first trace of them is at Corinth. They were carried from it to Rome by the Consul Mummius, after the defeat of Dicœus, in the 145th year before the Christian æra. Corinth was immediately burned, and Greece broken down into a Roman province, and its name changed to Achaia. At Rome those horses held the place of honour, and from medals, appear to have stood successively on the triumphal arches of Augustus, Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine. With Constantine they left Rome, after a stay of five hundred years, and took their place in the hippodrome of his new capital. From that æra Rome began to decline. At Constantinople they remained for eight hundred years, till, on its capture by the Latins in 1204, they fell to the share of the Venetians, and were carried to Venice. Constantinople after that capture sank from her "high estate," till she was finally the prize of the Ottoman. At Venice they stood for six hundred years, till, after the conquest of Italy, they were brought to Paris. The transition to Venice from the capital of the eastern empire, was no lowering of their dignity. Venice was then one of the most powerful, and altogether the most extraordinary, among the

states of the world. The fleet which she sent to Constantinople was of 580 sail. She was the England of her day.

"Questi Palazzi e questi loggie, or colte
D' ostri, di marmi, e di figure elette,
Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte.
Deserti, lidi, e povere isolette."—DELLA CASA.

After Venice had sustained herself thirteen hundred years, her constitution was totally subverted by Napoleon, and her territory made a province. The horses have been now borne back from Paris, at the moment of destroying the rebel empire, and Venice is the first state to which they have ever returned. Those are curious coincidences; of course they are mentioned merely as coincidences. The true wonder is in their having survived through so many insurrections, wars, and plunderings, where their material was so valuable as a spoil, and where it was so commonly turned into the

"Urceoli, pelves, sartago, patellæ."—JUV.

The Venetian Doge in 1204, was Dandolo. This man might have been quoted by Cornaro as his finest example of the glories that may be in reserve for vigorous longevity. Had Dandolo died at eighty, he would have been unknown. At eighty-four he was chosen Doge of Venice, when Venice was in her grandeur. He led the attack on Constantinople, standing in complete armour at the head of the foremost galley, and took the city. He next commanded the Venetians at the siege of Jeru-

salem, and received the highest honour that could then be paid to man: he was offered by the whole army the crown of Jerusalem. Conqueror of the capital of the East, and chosen sovereign of the capital of the Christian world, his honour from others was beyond all increase; his own noble mind was to consummate this splendid career, and he rose to the highest reach of glory and self-denial by declining the offer of the sacred crown in favour of a younger chieftain. During this unexampled course of valour and triumph, Dandolo was blind! He had lost his eyes at an early period by the blow of a sword. He died on his return from Jerusalem, at the age of ninety-four. There appears among the philosophers, soldiers, or statesmen, of history, no instance of faculties so employed, so vigorous, and so fortunate, at his years.

Note 3, page 88, line 10.

"*Such is the spoil of Time.*"

There is an old presumption that all states contain the seeds of necessary decay; that as they observe an obvious progress in their growth, they must go down and perish by an inevitable law. But there is no fact to sustain this theory of ruin. In every fallen state of the ancient world, the fall is the palpable result of circumstances that might have been avoided by common wisdom, and common virtue. They perished through excessive moral depravity. Their extinction was

the result of the enormous vice which rotted the national heart. Heathenism was at once the curse of the mind, and the corruption of the body. Christianity, by infusing a purer spirit, established a powerful corrective of this canker of national prosperity. Since the fall of the Roman empire, that mighty sacrifice on the altar of Paganism, no great European dominion has been extinguished. There have been change and castigation; tumult and terror have overflowed the land; but there has been no absorption, no sinking of the foundations, no breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. The visitation has soon passed away, and the soil has re-appeared with its ancient boundaries, scarcely fractured. The French empire was an unnatural and feverish distention: it has subsided, and France stands in its ancient health and figure. England is at this hour more influential round the globe than she has ever been; yet she has already rivalled the prosperous longevity of ancient Rome. She has been a sovereign almost a thousand years.

Note 4, page 90, line last.

"*That matchless prize from France.*"

The removal of this plunder from France was one of the wisest acts of the allies. It was not less one of the most merciful to the people. Without it, all the reasoning of man could not have convinced the French that they were not still formi-

dable to Europe; and in the calamitous and perverted habits of France, such a belief might have been the first stimulant to rebellion. Their feelings, after all, were not seriously wounded by this addition to their wisdom. They have covered their gallery-walls again with frames and canvass, and are happy with the school of David!

The gallery was a most magnificent sight; a vista of 1,300 feet of pictures, pillars of precious marble, and massive gilding. The first sensation seemed to be the same to all spectators, a feeling of eager, uneasy wonder. It required use to be able to look upon this dazzling collection with the calmness necessary to enjoyment.

Note 5, page 93, line last.

"*His own repentant agonies.*"

Guido was notorious for dissolute habits. But, by a singular contrast, his talents lay in the expression of pensive and melancholy devotion. His "Penitence of St. Peter", is considered to be his *chef-d'œuvre.*

Note 6, page 94, line last.

"*All vain, all vanquish'd.*"

Raphael died before forty, and in the full vigour of his fame. The "Transfiguration" is his most famous picture. It was carried before his bier.

Note 7, page 95, line 10.

"*Resplendent Titian.*"

The "Peter Martyr," perhaps the finest picture by the great Venetian, was placed opposite to the "Transfiguration." It is nearly of the same size, and is its rival in conception and colour. But the pencil was unworthily expended on its subject.

"Innocent IVth, in the year 1251, appointed Vivianus Bergamensis and Peter of Verona inquisitors of the faith in Milan, and gave them letters, in which he taxed the emperor Frederic with heresy. This Peter of Verona as he was going from Como to Milan, 1252, to extirpate heresy, a certain believer of the heretics attacked him on his journey, and despatched him with many wounds. He was canonized by Alexander IV., and is worshipped as a martyr by the Dominicans. Next to Dominic, they esteem him as patron and prince of the holy office of the Inquisition, since he was the first who consecrated it by his blood. The ministers also of the Inquisition, which they call in Italy Cross-bearers, are from him called co-brothers of Peter the Martyr; and in the very ensigns of his office he is painted as a martyr, and protector of this sacred tribunal, with a silken cross of a red colour, interwoven with gold, as the emblem of his martyrdom."—*Limborch.*

Note 8, page 102, line 1.

"*But all is rapture, reverence.*"

In the fine lines of the Oxford prize-poem on the Apollo, its character is given as in impetuous action,

2.25
6 from Nordigate
oem by H. H. Milman.

> "Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
> And his lip quivers with insulting ire."

But to the general eye, the master beauty of the figure lies in its absence of all passionate expression. The lip is scornful, but its scorn seems of the loftiest and most composed nature. The attitude is probably the calmest that is consistent with action. The god might be thought to have sent out the arrow less with an effort than with a command.

Note 9, page 102, line 16.

"*Bound to the Mystic Isle.*"

Some of the Greek superstitions were almost of romantic elegance. In Delos neither the grave, nor the funeral-pile, nor child-birth was allowed. The women likely to become mothers were sent for the time to a neighbouring island. Every year a laurelled deputation from Athens visited the temple and sacrificed in memory of the deliverance of Theseus from the

Minotaur. Their vessel was called the "Immortal", and was the same which had borne him home. During its absence, no execution was suffered in Athens.

In the Persian invasion the sanctity of Delos awed the barbarians, and it was the only island passed without plunder. The temple at Delphi was equally fortunate. A detachment sent to seize its treasures were repelled by the "sudden *thunders*, and the presence of the deity." Its priests were more intelligent than those of the other temples, and probably made use of some of their customary means of startling the superstitious. This statue was found three centuries since, in the ruins of Nero's palace at Antium. The Roman tyrant was nearly as great a collector as the Corsican one, and in nearly the same style. The palace had been ornamented by the activity of his *commissaire* and freedman Acratas among the Greek shrines.

Note 10, page 104, line 1.

"*Laocoon.*"

The countenance of the principal figure has been constantly criticised by connoisseurship for its disregard of the children's sufferings: but, perhaps the solution of this apparent selfishness is to be looked for in the story. Laocoon is a prince, a priest, and a patriot; he has just denounced the ruin of his country,

and he is perishing for having done the noblest duty. His eyes are not turned downwards to lament over his children, when he is full of the fates of Troy. They are fixed on heaven in mortal agony, but with a haughty and supernatural elevation. He is reproaching the evil destinies of his country.

Note 11, page 104, line 10.

"*A Warrior on his Shield.*"

"Collecting all his energies to die" is one of many striking conceptions in the Oxford prize-poem on the *Dying Gladiator;* but it imperfectly conveys the expression of the statue. The Dying Gladiator is *collecting no energies.* His strength is totally gone, his eye looks blind, the flatness and flaccidness of muscle in the whole form, and the hollow distortion of the countenance, show that all power and mind are extinguished within him. His face and figure give the heavy sickness, rather than the convulsive agony, of a mortal wound. There is no thinking in his features. His bulk is thrown for the moment on one giant arm; but in the next nothing can save it from giving way, or the head from rushing on its *crown* to the earth.

This statue, of the highest excellence in its style of strong expression, is generally supposed to represent, not a gladiator, but a German dying on the field.

The allusions in the stanzas refer to the celebrated descrip-

tion of the march of the Roman army, to find the remains of Varus and his legions. "Igitur cupido Cæsarem invadit solvendi suprema militibus", &c.—*Tacitus, Annal. Lib.* 1.

Note 12, page 107, line 1.

"*But have I still forgot thee?*"

The Apollo stood in a niche exposed only to a side-light, the Venus opposite to the full day. Her first view disappointed every one, but she gained upon the eye, and admiration seemed to be at length won by her, not inferior to that which was given at once to the dazzling elegance of the Apollo. The Greek artists were purer than their mythology. Their goddess of Love is in general a being of grace and placid beauty.

Note 13, page 111, line 10.

"*There is a flash of steel through yonder trees.*"

The British camp was at this time in the *Champs Elysées*, on the edge of the Place Louis Quinze, where the late king had been executed. What follows is from Clery's "Narrative."

"All the troops in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning. The beat of drums, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another, all resounded at the Tower. At eight the noise increased, and the doors were

thrown open with great bustle, when Santerre, accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers, entered at the head of ten soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. The king came out of his closet, and said—"You are come for me." "Yes", was the answer. "A moment," said the king, and went into the closet, from which he instantly returned, followed by his confessor. He had his will in his hand, and addressing a municipal officer, (Jaques Roux,) said—"I beg you to give this paper to the queen, my wife."—"It is no business of mine," replied he, refusing to take it, "I am come here to conduct you to the scaffold." His majesty then looked at Santerre, and said—"Lead on."

Clery had previously detailed the king's passing that melancholy morning. He had risen at five, and heard mass, with a chest of drawers for an altar. He was fervent and resigned. The courage which failed him in the presence of his family, grew strong when he had to meet misfortune alone, and he died as he had lived, "without offence and without guile."—His death an honour to the name of king—his blood-shedding a fearful crime to France, and a solemn warning to all nations for all time to come.

On his way to the scaffold, by the Boulevard, it was prohibited to open any doors or windows. The same prohibition was extended to the Place de la Révolution, (now Louis Quinze,) and none but the vilest mob were suffered to be pre-

sent in the square. Louis died on Sunday, January 21, 1793, at ten minutes past ten o'clock in the forenoon.

The French have now sworn allegiance again.

* * Κύδιστε μέγιστε! * * * *
Οππότεροι πρότεροι ὑπὲρ ὅρκια πημήνειαν,
Ωδέσφι ἐγκεφαλου χάμαδις ῥέοι! * *

HOM.

Note 14, page 118, line 10.

"*France was in dust.*"

The most accurate character of Napoleon has been given in a periodical publication.—

"He still seems to us a man of consummate conduct, valour, and decision in war, but without the virtues or even the generous and social vices of a soldier of fortune,—of matchless activity indeed, and boundless ambition, but *entirely without principle, feeling*, or *affection*, suspicious, cruel, and overbearing;—selfish and solitary in all his pursuits and gratifications; proud and overweening to the very borders of insanity;—and considering at last the laws of honour and the principles of morality, equally beneath his notice with the feelings of other men. Despising those who submitted to his pretensions, and pursuing with implacable hatred all who presumed to resist them, he seems to have gone on in a growing confidence in his own fortune, and a contempt for mankind—till a serious check

from without showed him the error of his calculation, and betrayed the fatal insecurity of a career which reckoned only on prosperity. Over the downfall of such a man it is fitting that the world should rejoice."—*Edinburgh Review*, *April*, 1814.

This character is true, it has been confirmed by all experience, and yet it gives the image of a fiend rather than of a man. The cruel selfishness, the insatiable pride, the implacable hatred, the insolent and treacherous scorn of all principle; add to those, great activity, ambition, and talents; and what shade was wanting to deepen it into utter evil to human nature?

Note 15, page 125, line 1.

"*Such is the hand of Heaven!*"

This was the greatest deliverance since the Christian era; altogether greater than the rout of the Saracens by Martel, or of the Turks by Sobieski. It was the battle, not of man, but of the elements. A deluding spirit seemed to have been commissioned against Napoleon; and the destruction of his army was accomplished with a fulness of untired, irresistible, ruinous havoc, that has no example in warfare. The retreat from Russia was the death-blow of the Jacobin empire. The true history of that retreat is yet to be written—a noble and cheering task—the historian will be walking in the palpable steps of Providence.

Note 16, page 126, line 14.

"*Fool, see thy emblem.*"

The water-spout is a frequent phenomenon in the Southern Ocean.

Note 17, page 127, line 13.

"*Like his who on the mountain's brow adored.*"

Exodus, c. xvii. v. 11.

END OF THE NOTES TO PART II.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

494. 13.10 p.748.
493.43 - p.191

Ἀρης δ' ουκ ἀγαθων φιλεται.

ANAKP.

It was the wild midnight,—
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lash'd the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round
The Leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal-thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan:
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill;
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last,
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreath'd lyres
From eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Œta's twilight brow;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high,—
Then, hand in hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They marched round within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

[To heaven the blaze uproll'd,
Like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecians' funeral pyre.]

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old!
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

ON THE BUST

OF

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA,

IN THE KING'S CHAMBER AT BERLIN, 1812.

THY day of agony is o'er!
Thou 'rt angel, and shalt weep no more:
In fortune's last extremity,
Princess, 'twas well for thee to die.
Death calms the wretched, frees the slave;
Can insult follow to the grave?
The tyrant now may taunt and scorn,
Thy spirit can no more be torn.
Oh, for the hour a Prussian's steel
Shall teach his callous heart to feel!

Thy cheek is still before me—pale
As the last leaf on Autumn's gale;
Then lit with one, swift, burning tinge,
As o'er it, from thine eyes' dark fringe,
Fell, drop by drop, the tears of pain,
At some new galling of thy chain;
Some slighting, sullen courtesy
Of him who *could not* honour thee.
And this the end of birth and bloom;
Tears, terrors, exile, and the tomb!—
And there is One, who, hour by hour,
Has wept upon thee, broken flower!
Pierced to the soul with every sting
That Fate could point against a King.
The Man had one more misery
To meet—and met it, losing thee.
Image of beauty, breathing stone,
Here shrined so lovely, and so lone;
Comes he not here from restless sleep
To weep, as hearts alone can weep!

Thy spell is on me too:—my eye
Is caught, fix'd, fill'd, unconscious why;
'Tis not thy more than regal brow;
Thy more than beauty; more than woe;
'Tis the deep grace, that seems to wind
O'er all,—the relique of thy mind!
But the dark heart that dug thy grave
Shall die a recreant and a slave:
Not where his routed legions lie;
He must not die, as brave men die!
But weary, wither'd, lost,—his name
Earth's scorn, the common mark for shame;
From fame, hope, empire, mankind driven,
As sure as there 's a Power in Heaven.
That sin 's not made to be forgiven!

NOON.

"Οικια τεττιγων, ενδιοι ακρεμονες."

Come, ye brown oaks, and stoop your heavy boughs,
Making sweet eve around my sultry brows!
Wave your white beauty, lilies; hyacinths sigh;
And, woodbine, from your blossom'd canopy,
Stirring the smoothness of this quiet stream,
Shed on my eyes some deep, Elysian dream.
And come, thou young and silken-pinion'd Wind,
That the pale, virgin May, sends forth to find
Her flowers, in Winter's frozen bosom sleeping;
Wing round this leafy bed, in whispers creeping
Like softest music on my slumb'ring ear;
Until the murmur of the grasshopper,

And the fresh odours of the rose's breath,
Tell me that Day is faint, and nigh to death.
And the small stars are waking, one by one;
And to fair Thetis' couch the weary Sun is gone!

THE PEN.

FROM THE GREEK OF TZETZES.

"Ημην αχρειον καλαμος φυτον." κ.τ.λ.

I WAS an useless thing, a lonely reed!
No blossom hung its beauty on the weed.
Alike in summer's sun and winter's gloom,
I sigh'd no fragrance, and I wore no bloom.
No cluster wreath'd me;—day and night I pined
On the wild moor, and wither'd in the wind.
At length a wanderer found me.—From my side
He smooth'd the pale decaying leaves, and dyed
My lips in Helicon! From that high hour
I SPOKE!—My words were flame and living power!

And there was sweetness round me,—never fell
Eve's sweeter dews upon the lily's bell.
I shone!—night died!—as if a trumpet call'd,
Man's spirit rose, pure, fiery, disenthrall'd!
Tyrants of earth, ye saw your light decline,
When I stood forth, a wonder and a sign!
To me the iron sceptre was a wand,
The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge, were vain,
I smote the smiter, and I broke the chain:
Or towering o'er them all, without a plume,
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom;
Till burst th' Olympian splendours on my eye,
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods,—Infinity!

THE POET'S HOUR.

WHEN day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue.
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.

For in the dimness curtain'd round,
He hears the echoes all
Of rosy vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall;
And shapes are on his dreaming sight,
That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze
The forest's deepening shade,
He hears on Tuscan evening seas
The silver serenade:
Or, to the field of battle borne,
Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between,
To him is but the light
That, from some lady's bower of green,
Shines to her pilgrim knight;
Who feels her spell around him twine,
And hastens home from Palestine.

Or, if some wand'ring peasant's song
Come sweeten'd on the gale,
He sees the cloister's saintly throng;
The crosier, cross, and veil—
Or hears the vespers of the nun,
World-weary, lovely, and undone.

And thus he thinks the hour away
In sweet, unworldly folly;
And loves to see the shades of gray,
That feed his melancholy:
Finding sweet speech and thought in all,
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall!

CZERNI GEORGE.

THIS man was one of the bold creations of wild countries and troubled times; beings of impetuous courage, iron strength, original talent, and doubtful morality. Civilization levels and subdues the inequalities of the general mind; barbarism shows, with the desolation, the grandeur of the wilderness,—the dwarfed and the gigantic side by side, a thousand diminished and decaying productions overshadowed by one mighty effort of savage fertility.

Georges Petrowich was descended from a family of Servian nobles. His habitual name of *Czerni (black)* was given probably from the colour of his hair. His

daring spirit first exhibited itself in an act of personal violence. When a boy, and ordered by a Turk to stand out of his way, or have his brains blown out, he shot the Turk on the spot. Hatred of the oppressors of his country was probably mingled here with individual temper. CZERNI GEORGE took immediate refuge in Transylvania, and entered the Austrian service, where he was made a non-commissioned officer. He subsequently quarrelled with his captain, challenged, killed him; and fled to Servia. He was now but twenty-five, yet he raised an insurrection; fought the Turks with remorseless hostility; by signal gallantry, perseverance, and talent embodied an army of his countrymen; bore down the Turks before him, besieged Belgrade, and on the 1st of December, 1806, forced it to capitulate.

He was now master of a kingdom, was proclaimed generalissimo of Servia, repelled an attempt of the senate of nobles and ecclesiastics to repossess the government, and by proclamation declared himself "Su-

preme." The Musulman power was awakened by this proximity of triumphant opposition, and an army of 50,000 men passed the Servian frontier. Czerni fought long and desperately on the banks of the Saave, but his small population gave way before the mass of the Turkish power. At the Treaty of 1812, between Russia and the Porte, Servia acknowledged herself tributary to the Sultan. Czerni retired to Russia, and lived at Kissonoff, in Bessarabia. In 1817, he had the rashness to return to Servia. He was taken in disguise near Belgrade, and immediately beheaded by order of the Pashaw. The object of his return is unascertained; it was said to be the possession of some treasure hidden during his day of success: it was supposed by the Turks to be an attempt to feel his way to massacre once more. It might have been urged by the restlessness of a vigorous mind weary of inactivity; or by the nobler impulse of giving independence to his country, at a time when Europe was exulting in the overthrow of the French Empire.

His appearance was striking and singular. He was boldly formed, and above the general stature. But the extraordinary length of his physiognomy, his sunken eyes, and his bald forehead, bound with a single black tress of hair, gave him a look rather Asiatic than European. It was his custom to sit in silence for hours together; he could neither read nor write, but he was a great warrior, and, for the time, a deliverer of his country.

CZERNI GEORGE.

'Twas noon! a blood-red banner play'd
Above thy rampart porte, Belgrade;
From time to time the gong's deep swell
Rose thundering from the citadel;
And soon the trampling charger's din
Told of some mustering pomp within.
But all without was still and drear,
The long streets wore the hue of fear,
All desert, but where some quick eye
Peer'd from the curtain'd gallery.
Or crouching slow from roof to roof,
The Servian glanced, then shrank aloof,

Eager, yet dreading to look on
The business to be that day done.
The din grew louder, crowding feet
Seem'd rushing to the central street;
'Twas fill'd; the city's idle brood
Scatter'd before, few, haggard, rude:
Then come the Spahis bounding on
With kettle-drum and gonfalon;
And ever, at the cymbal's clash,
Upshook their spears the sudden flash,
Till, like a shatter'd, sable sail,
Wheel'd o'er their rear the black horse-tail,
All hurrying on, like men who yield,
Or men who seek, some final field.

They lead a captive; the Pashaw
From his large eye draws back with awe;
All tongues are silent in the group,
Who round that fearful stranger troop:
He still has homage, though his hands
Are straining in a felon's bands.

No Moslem he; his brow is bare,
Save one wild tress of raven hair,
Like a black serpent deeply bound,
Where once sat Servia's golden round.
His neck bends low, and many a stain
Of blood shows how it feels the chain;
A peasant's robe is o'er him flung,
A swordless sheath beside him hung;
He sits a charger, but a slave
Now holds the bridle of the brave.

* * * * *

And now they line the palace-square,
A splendid sight, as noon's full glare
Pours on their proud caparison,
Arms rough with gold and dazzling stone,
Horse-nets, and shawls of Indian dye,
O'er brows of savage majesty.
But where 's the fetter'd rider now?
A flag above, a block below,
An Ethiop headsman low'ring near,
Show where must close his stern career.

A thousand eyes are fix'd to mark
The fading of his eye's deep spark,
The quicken'd heaving of his breast;
But all within it is at rest:
There is no quivering nerve; his brow
Scarce bent upon the crowd below,
He stands in settled, stately gloom,
A warrior's statue on his tomb.

* * * * *

A trumpet rang;—the turban'd line
Clash'd up their spears, the headsman's sign.
Then, like the iron in the forge,
Blazed thy dark visage, CZERNI GEORGE!
He knew that trumpet's Turkish wail,
His guide through many a forest vale,
When, scattering like the hunted deer,
The Moslem felt his early spear;
He heard it when the Servian targe
Broke down the Delhi's desperate charge,
And o'er the flight his scimitar
Was like the flashing of a star:

That day, his courser to the knee
Was bathed in blood, and Servia free!
That day, before he sheathed his blade,
He stood a sovereign in Belgrade;
The field, the throne were on that eye,
Which wander'd now so wild and high.

* * * * *

The hour had waned; the sunbeam fell
Full on the palace pinnacle,
The golden crescent on its spire
Beam'd o'er a cross! his eye shot fire;
That cross was o'er the crescent set,
The day he won the coronet.
He dash'd away a tear of pride,
His hand was darted to his side,
No sword was there:—a bitter smile
Told the stern spirit's final thrill;
Yet all not agony; afar,
Mark'd he no cloud of northern war?
Swell'd on his prophet ear no clang
Of tribes that to their saddles sprang?

No Russian cannon's heavy hail
In vengeance smiting the Serail?
The whole was but a moment's trance,
That 'scaped the turban'd rabble's glance;
A sigh, a stride, a stamp the whole,
Time measures not the tides of soul.
He was absorb'd in dreams, nor saw
The hurried glare of the Pashaw;
Nor saw the headsman's backward leap,
To give his axe the wider sweep.
Down came the blow;—the self-same smile
Was lingering on the dead lip still,
When 'mid the train the pikeman bore
The bloody head of the Pandour.

* * * * *

The night was wild, the atabal
Scarce echoed on the rampart wall;
Scarce heard the shrinking centinel,
The night-horn in that tempest's yell.
But forms, as shot the lightning's glare,
Stole silent through that palace-square,

And thick and dim a weeping group
Seem'd o'er its central spot to stoop.
The storm a moment paused, the moon
Broad from a hurrying cloud-rift shone;
It shone upon a headless trunk,
Raised in their arms; the moonbeam sunk,
And all was dimness; but the beat
Came sudden as of parting feet,
And sweet and solemn voices pined
In the low lapses of the wind.
'Twas like the hymn, when soldiers bear
A soldier to his sepulchre.

* * * * *

The lightning threw a shaft below,
The stately square was desert now.
Yet far, as far as eye could strain,
Was seen the remnant of a train;
A wavering shadow of a crowd,
That round some noble burden bow'd.
'Twas gone, and all was night once more,
Wild rain, and whirlwind's doubled roar.

THE

ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

PREFACE.

THE poem of the Angel of the World is founded on the story told by Mohammed, as a warning against wine. The Angels Haruth and Maruth had spoken arrogantly of their power to resist the temptations which made man so often culpable; and they were sent down to earth to give proof of their virtue. A spirit was sent in the shape of a woman to tempt them; they withstood her seductions, until she had prevailed on them to drink wine; they then gave way to all excesses at once, and completed their crimes by revealing the words that raise men to angels: for this they were judged, and exiled from heaven. The

story is one of those modifications of the history of the fall of Lucifer, and the temptation in Paradise, which make up so large a portion of Asiatic mythology. In the poem, some alterations and additions suggested themselves. There is but one Angel, and he fails by a succession of attempts upon his firmness, accompanied by warnings that justify the final punishment. Those lessons are given in some of the phenomena common to the fiery soil and exalted atmosphere of the east. The mirage, the simoom, the sand-storm, and the shooting stars, are all frequent in Syria. The Aurora Borealis, though not usual in the lower latitudes, has sometimes shone out in all its brilliancy on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The author of the poem desires to be discharged of all responsibility for the catastrophe. He has ventured to mitigate the Koran; but he has done it in mercy to the propensities of Christendom. Οἶνου τί ἀρεῖον ?

Arabian literature abounds in tales of this order;

and has some of superior feeling and adventure. The world has been wearied by the figurative extravagance of the Indian and Persian poetry. The barren glare of oriental fable repels the heart; but the most popular pieces of Arabian verse have had their origin in those slight events which occur in common life, and which must owe their interest to the poet's sensibility. Of those subjects a single example may be given.—A petty chieftain had been thrown into prison, at Sana, by the Imam, for plundering. A bird that alighted on the opposite roof attracted the prisoner's eye. He remembered the merit attached by the Mohammedans to letting a bird out of its cage. The chieftain's thoughts ran into song. The verses were of such beauty that they were learned by his guards; from the prison they spread through the town; they were like the "Cupid king of gods and men" of Abdera; an epidemic of song spread through the territory, till it reached the Imam, who was, like other monarchs, at least in Asia, the last man to hear

what was in the soul and lips of his lieges. The Imam was charmed, and the captive's chains fell off immediately. The whole has been turned by a native bard into a popular poem. But an incident of this rank is a subject for poetry only where it meets with a practised susceptibility in the people.

The scholar who may turn his attention to Arabic poetry, will find some resources in our own literature;—Sir William Jones's Fourth Discourse to the Asiatic Society, Pococke's Specimen Historiæ Arabum, Richardson's Dissertation on the Languages of the East, Niebuhr, and the late Professor Carlyle's volume of specimens, are a valuable introduction to this interesting knowledge. It would be unjust to the merits of an able work to omit mentioning the late amiable and regretted Mr. Mills's History of Mohammedanism. The chapter on the Saracen literature is at once eloquent and learned.

THE

ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

I.

THERE 's glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun!
There 's glory on thy marble-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon!
There 's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue!
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from Ocean's marge to mighty Himmalu.

II.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder;
And through the fragments rolls a little fount,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder;
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under;
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,
No perfumes rich as in that mountain's rocky ring.

III.

And some who pray'd the night out on the hill,
Have said they heard—unless it was their dream,
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill,—
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,
A sound of music, such as they might deem
The song of spirits—that would sometimes sail
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail;
Then come again, and thus, till LUCIFER was pale.

IV.

And some, but bolder still, had dared to turn
That soil of mystery for hidden gold;
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them burn,
And died:—by few that venturous tale was told.
And wealth was found; yet, as the pilgrims hold,
Though it was glorious on the mountain's brow,
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow;
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots now.

V.

But one, and ever after, round the hill
He stray'd:—they said a meteor scorch'd his sight;
Blind, mad, a warning of Heaven's fearful will.
'Twas on the sacred evening of "The Flight," [1]
His spade turn'd up a shaft of marble white,
Fragment of some kiosk, the chapiter
A crystal circle, but at morn's first light
Rich forms began within it to appear,
Sceptred and wing'd, and then, it sank in water clear.

VI.

Yet once upon that guarded mount, no foot
But of the Moslem true might press a flower,
And of them none, but with some solemn suit
Beyond man's help, might venture near the bower:
For, in its shade, in beauty and in power,
For judgement sat the ANGEL OF THE WORLD:
Sent by the prophet, till the destined hour
That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd,
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

VII.

It came at last. It came with trumpets' sounding,
It came with thunders of the atabal,
And warrior shouts, and Arab chargers' bounding,
The SACRED STANDARD crown'd Medina's wall!
From palace roof, and minaret's golden ball,
Ten thousand emerald banners floated free,
Beneath, like sun-beams, through the gateway tall,
The Emirs led their steel-mail'd chivalry,
And the whole city rang with sports and soldier glee.

VIII.

This was the eve of eves, the end of war,
Beginning of Dominion, first of Time!
When, swifter than the shooting of a star,
Mohammed saw the "Vision's"[2] pomps sublime;
Swept o'er the rainbow'd sea—the fiery clime,
Heard from the throne its will in thunders roll'd;
Then glancing on our world of woe and crime,
Saw from Arabia's sands his banner's fold
Wave o'er the brighten'd globe its sacred, conquering gold.

IX.

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,
Pavilion'd with a thousand glorious dyes;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest
Along the mountain's soft declivities;
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;
Faint as the hum of bees the city's cries:
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;
Then were the Angel's task on earth's dim orbit done.

X.

Oft had he gazed upon that lovely vale,
But never gazed with gladness such as now;
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale
He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,
With joy he heard the Imauns' voices flow
Like breath of silver trumpets on the air;
The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,
Flinging their shadows tall in the steep sunset glare.

XI.

Then at his sceptre's wave, a rush of plumes
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes;
And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,
A crowd of lovely forms, with lightning eyes,
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing;
And all the grove was rich with symphonies
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,
That slowly rose, and o'er the Mount hung hovering.

XII.

The Angel's flashing eyes were on the vault,
That now with lamps of diamond all was hung;
His mighty wings like tissues heavenly-wrought,
Upon the bosom of the air were hung.
The solemn hymn's last harmonies were sung,
The sun was couching on the distant zone.
"Farewell" was breathing on the Angel's tongue;—
He glanced below. There stood a suppliant one!
The impatient Angel sank, in wrath, upon his throne.

XIII.

Yet all was quickly sooth'd,—"this labour past,
"His coronet of tenfold light was won."
His glance again upon the form was cast,
That now seem'd dying on the dazzling stone;
He bade it rise and speak. The solemn tone
Of Earth's high Sovereign mingled joy with fear,
As summer vales of rose by lightning shown;
As the night-fountain in the desert drear;
His voice seem'd sudden life to that fall'n suppliant's ear.

XIV.

The form arose—the face was in a veil,
The voice was low, and often check'd with sighs;
The tale it utter'd was a simple tale;
" A vow to close a dying parent's eyes,
Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis;
The Arab in the Syrian mountains lay,
The caravan was made the robber's prize,
The pilgrim's little wealth was swept away,
Man's help was vain." Here sank the voice in soft decay

XV.

" And this is Earth!" the Angel frowning said;
And from the ground he took a matchless gem,
And flung it to the mourner, then outspread
His pinions, like the lightning's rushing beam.
The pilgrim started at the diamond's gleam,
Glanced up in prayer, then, bending near the throne,
Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,
And tried to speak, but tears were there alone;
The pitying Angel said, " Be happy and begone."

XVI.

The weeper raised the veil; a ruby lip
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue;
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turn'd to golden as the light wind threw
Their clusters in the western golden glare.
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

XVII.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
Sought from his glance sweet refuge on the ground;
But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze;
And, as the soul had felt some sudden wound,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound.
He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,
And still one press'd her heart—that sigh told all its tale.

XVIII.

She stoop'd, and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,
And fondly kiss'd, and then with feeble hand
She laid it on the footstool of the bower;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd;
The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet;
Yet even that sweet slight boon, 'twas Heaven's command,
He must not touch, from her though doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-seat.

XIX.

Still lay the flower upon the splendid spot,
The Pilgrim turn'd away, as smote with shame;
Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot;
'Twas in his soul, a shaft of living flame.
Then bow'd the humbled one, and bless'd his name,
Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
A sudden faintness o'er the Angel came;
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,
She bow'd her face to earth, and o'er it dropp'd her veil.

XX.

Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze
Can make the spirit from its centre roll;
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze?
Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul;
One glorious vision lighting up the whole
Of the wide world; or one deep, wild desire,
By day and night consuming, sad and sole;
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own fire,
Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.

XXI.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;
Companionship divine, stern solitude;
Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest gleams
That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy food;
Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,
Victim of visions that life's purpose steal,
Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal.
Proud Angel, was it thine that mortal woe to feel?

XXII.

Still knelt the pilgrim cover'd with her veil,
But all her beauty living on his eye;
Still hyacinth the clustering ringlets fell
Wreathing her forehead's polish'd ivory;
Her cheek unseen still wore the rose-bud's dye;
She sigh'd; he heard the sigh beside him swell,
He glanced around—no Spirit hover'd nigh—
Touch'd the fall'n flower, and blushing, sigh'd "farewell."
What sound has stunn'd his ear? A sudden thunder-peal.

XXIII.

He look'd on heaven, 'twas calm, but in the vale[3]
A creeping mist had girt the mountain round,
Making the golden minarets glimmer pale;
It scaled the mount,—the feeble day was drown'd.
The sky was with its livid hue embrown'd,
But soon the vapours grew a circling sea,
Reflecting lovely from its blue profound
Mountain, and crimson cloud, and blossom'd tree;
Another heaven and earth in bright tranquillity.

XXIV.

And on its bosom swam a small chaloupe,
That like a wild swan sported on the tide.
The silken sail that canopied its poop
Show'd one that look'd an Houri in her pride;
Anon came spurring up the mountain's side
A warrior Moslem all in glittering mail,
That to his country's doubtful battle hied.
He saw the form, he heard the tempter's tale,
And answered with his own: for beauty will prevail.

XXV.

But now in storm uprose the vast mirage;
Where sits she now who tempted him to roam?
How shall the skiff with that wild sea engage?
In vain the quivering helm is turn'd to home.
Dark'ning above the piles of tumbling foam,
Rushes a shape of woe, and through the roar
Peals in the warrior's ear a voice of doom.
Down plunges the chaloupe.—The storm is o'er.
Heavy and slow the corpse rolls onward to the shore.

XXVI.

The Angel's heart was smote—but that touch'd flower,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,
He felt it strangely chain him to the bower.
He dared not then that pilgrim's eye to meet,
But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet
Shining like silver on the floor of rose;
At length he raised his glance;—the veil's light net
Had floated backward from her pencil'd brows,
Her eye was fix'd on Heaven, in sad, sublime repose.

XXVII.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
And on her crimson lip was murmuring
A village strain, that in the day's sweet rest
Is heard in Araby round many a spring,
When down the twilight vales the maidens bring
The flocks to some old patriarchal well;
Or where beneath the palms some desert-king
Lies, with his tribe around him as they fell!
The thunder burst again; a long, deep, crashing peal.

XXVIII.

The Angel heard it not; as round the range
Of the blue hill-tops roar'd the volley on,
Uttering its voice with wild, aerial change;
Now sinking in a deep and distant moan,
Like the last echo of a host o'erthrown;
Then rushing with new vengeance down again,
Shooting the fiery flash and thunder-stone;
Till flamed, like funeral pyres, the mountain chain.
The Angel heard it not; its wisdom all was vain.

XXIX.

He heard not even the strain, though it had changed
From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn.
His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious ranged,
Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and dim;
A mist seem'd spreading between heaven and him;
He sat absorb'd in dreams;—a searching tone
Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes swim
Who breathed that echo of a heart undone,
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone!

XXVI.

The Angel's heart was smote—but t'
Now opening, breathed such fra
He felt it strangely chain hi
He dared not then that
But gazed upon the
Shining like silver
At length he
Had floated
Her eye

XXXI.

The night-breeze from the mountains had begun;
And as it wing'd among the clouds of even,
Where, like a routed king, the Sultan Sun
Still struggled on the fiery verge of heaven;
Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were driven;
Spreading away in boundless palace halls,
Whose lights from gold and emerald lamps were given;
Or airy citadels and battled walls;
Or sunk in valleys sweet, with silver waterfalls.

XXXII.

of heaven the Angel's heart
a bitter sigh
and with a start
scious eye.
n that summit high
sion, from the pallid line
d Palmyra's pomps in ruin lie,
ding the Arab sands, to where supine
The western lustre tinged thy spires, lost Palestine!

XXXIII.

Yet, loveliest of the vision was the vale
That sloped beneath his own imperial bowers;
Sheeted with colours like an Indian mail,
A tapestry sweet of all sun-painted flowers,
Balsam, and clove, and jasmines scented showers,
And the red glory of the Persian rose,
Spreading in league on league around the towers,
Where, loved of Heaven, and hated of its foes,
The Queen of Cities shines, in calm and proud repose.

XXXIV.

And still he gazed—and saw not that the eve
Was fading into night. A sudden thought
Struck to his dreaming heart, that made it heave;
Was he not there in Paradise?—that spot,
Was it not lovely as the lofty vault
That rose above him? In his native skies,
Could he be happy till his soul forgot,
Oh! how forget, the being whom his eyes
Loved as their light of light? He heard a tempest rise—

XXXV.

Was it a dream? the vale at once was bare[4],
And o'er it hung a broad and sulphurous cloud:
The soil grew red and rifted with its glare;
Down to their roots the mountain cedars bow'd;
Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,
Yellow and pale, thick seam'd with streaks of flame.
Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud;
The lion bounded from it scared and tame;
Behind it, dark'ning heaven, the mighty whirlwind came.

XXXVI.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain
A caravan approach'd the evening well,
A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane;
And lovely came its distant, solemn swell
Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell.
The sandy ocean rose before their eye,
In thunder on their bending host it fell
Ten thousand lips sent up one fearful cry;
The sound was still'd at once, beneath its wave they lie.

XXXVII.

But, two escaped, that up the mountain sprung,
And those the dead men's treasure downwards drew;
One, with slow steps; but beautiful and young
Was she, who round his neck her white arms threw.
Away the tomb of sand like vapour flew.
There, naked lay the costly caravan,
A league of piles of silk and gems that threw
A rainbow light, and mid them stiff and wan,
Stretch'd by his camel's flank, their transient master, man.

XXXVIII.

The statelier wand'rer from the height was won,
And cap and sash soon gleam'd with plunder'd gold.
But, now the Desert rose, in pillars dun,
Glowing with fire like iron in the mould,
That wings with fiery speed, recoil'd, sprang, roll'd;
Before them waned the moon's ascending phase,
The clouds above them shrank the redd'ning fold:
On rush'd the giant columns blaze on blaze,
The sacrilegious died, wrapp'd in the burning haze.

XXXIX.

The Angel sat enthroned within a dome
Of alabaster raised on pillars slight,
Curtain'd with tissues of no earthly loom;
For spirits wove the web of blossoms bright,
Woof of all flowers that drink the morning light,
And with their beauty figured all the stone
In characters of mystery and might,
A more than mortal guard around the throne,
That in their tender shade one glorious diamond shone.

XL.

And every bud round pedestal and plinth,
As fell the evening, turn'd a living gem.
Lighted its purple lamp the hyacinth,
The dahlia pour'd its thousand-colour'd gleam,
A ruby torch the wond'ring eye might deem
Hung on the brow of some night-watching tower,
Where upwards climb'd the broad magnolia's stem.
An urn of lovely lustre every flower,
Burning before the king of that illumined bower.

XLI.

And nestling in that arbour's leafy twine,
From cedar's top to violet's lowly bell,
Were birds, now hush'd, of plumage all divine,
That, as the quivering radiance on them fell,
Shot back such hues as stain the orient shell,
Touching the deep, green shades with light from eyes
Jacinth, and jet, and blazing carbuncle,
And gold-dropt coronets, and wings of dyes
Bathed in the living streams of their own Paradise.

XLII.

The Angel knew the warning of that storm;
But saw the shudd'ring Minstrel's step draw near,
And felt the whole deep witchery of her form;
Her sigh was music's echo to his ear;
He loved—and what has love to do with fear?
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven wing,
But in the arbour all was splendour clear;
And, like twin spirits in its charmed ring,
Shone that sweet child of earth and that star-diadem'd kir

XLIII.

For, whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,
Or that some dazzling change had on her come;
Her look, though lovely still, was loftier now,
Her tender cheek was flush'd with brighter bloom;
Yet in her azure eyebeam gather'd gloom,
Like evening's clouds across its own blue star,
Then would a sudden flash its depths illume;
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,
She seem'd instinct with might to make the clouds her c

XLIV.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as snow,
Gleam'd like a rising meteor through the air,
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow;
And gazed on heaven, as wrapt in solemn prayer;
She still look'd woman, yet more proudly fair;
And as she stood and pointed to the sky,
With that fix'd look of loveliness and care,
The Angel thought, and check'd it with a sigh,
He saw some Spirit fallen from immortality.

XLV.

The silent prayer was done; and now she moved
Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
Besought her lord, if in his heaven they loved,
That, as she never more his face must see,
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
Then turn'd, and pluck'd a cluster from the vine,
And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
Then stoop'd the crystal cup before the shrine.
In wrath the Angel rose—the guilty draught was wine!

XLVI.

She stood; she shrank; she totter'd. Down he sprang,
Clasp'd with one hand her waist, with one upheld
The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs rang;
His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd;
Up to the brim the draught of evil swell'd
Like liquid rose, its odour touch'd his brain;
He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd;
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

XLVII.

Th' enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet dream,
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,
And on the bending Spirit fix'd the beam
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.
The undone Angel gave no more reply
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
That floated on her neck of ivory,
And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

XLVIII.

The heaven was one blue cope, inlaid with gems
Thick as the concave of a diamond mine,
But from the north now fly pale, phosphor beams,
That o'er the mount their quivering net entwine;
The smallest stars through that sweet lustre shine;
Then, like a routed host, its streamers fly:
Then, from the moony horizontal line
A surge of sudden glory floods the sky,
Ocean of purple waves, and melted lazuli.

XLIX.

But wilder wonder smote their shrinking eyes:
A vapour plunged upon the vale from heaven,
Then, darkly gathering, tower'd of mountain size;
From its high crater column'd smokes were driven;
It heaved within, as if pent flames had striven
With mighty winds to burst their prison hold,
Till all the cloud-volcano's bulk was riven
With angry light, that seem'd in cataracts roll'd,
Silver, and sanguine steel, and streams of molten gold.

L.

Then echoed on the winds a hollow roar,
An earthquake groan, that told convulsion near:
Out rush'd the burthen of its burning core,
Myriads of fiery globes, as day-light clear.
The sky was fill'd with flashing sphere on sphere,
Shooting straight upward to the zenith's crown.
The stars were blasted in that splendour drear,
The land beneath in wild distinctness shone,
From Syria's yellow sands to Libanus' summit-stone.

LI.

The storm is on the embattled clouds receding,
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,
But o'er the pole a fiercer flame is spreading,
Wheel within wheel of fire, and far within
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.
A throne;—but who the sitter on that throne!
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,
And clasp'd his dying love, and joy'd to be undone.

LII.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,
And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck.
Yet, even in that swift gaze, he could espy
A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
Was it a dream? there echoed in his ear
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

LIII.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;
But through his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;
She stood a statue of sublime despair,
But on her lip sat scorn.—His spirit froze,—
His footstep reel'd,—his wan lip gasp'd for air;
She felt his throb,—and o'er him stoop'd with brows
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of rose.

LIV.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
That it must feed on, or abstaining die.
There was between them now nor tear nor sigh;
Theirs was the deep communion of the soul;
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury;
What was to them or heaven or earth, the whole
Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad, and sole.

LV.

The Minstrel first shook off the silent trance;
And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
Beyond the power of his vindictive king.
Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume,
For life or death, he reck'd not which, to spring;
Nay, to confront the thunder and the gloom.
She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

LVI.

The Angel sooth'd her, "No! let Justice wreak
Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."
A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
With mad delight; "Oh there is one way, one,
To save us both. Are there not mighty words,
Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon
Sits ever guarded by the genii swords,
To give thy servant wings, like her resplendent Lord's?"

LVII.

This was the sin of sins! The first, last crime,
In earth and heaven, unnamed, unnameable;
This from his throne of light, before all time,
Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell.
He started back.—"What urged him to rebel?
What led that soft seducer to his bower?
Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell,
Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly flower?"—
But for that fatal cup, he had been free that hour.

LVIII.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.
He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued;
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam:
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!
A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
The lightning round them shot a broader stream;
He felt her clasp his feet in agony;
He spoke the "Words of might",—the thunder gave rep

LIX.

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud,
Shooting its lightnings down in spire on spire.
Around the mount its canopy is bow'd,
A fiery vault upraised on pillar'd fire;
The stars like lamps along its roof expire;
But through its centre bursts an orb of rays;
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire!
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping blaze,
The culprits dared not there their guilty glances raise.

LX.

And words were utter'd from that whirling sphere,
That mortal sense might never hear and live.
They pierced like arrows through the Angel's ear;
He bow'd his head; 'twas vain to fly or strive.
Down comes the final wrath: the thunders give
The doubled peal,—the rains in cataracts sweep,
Broad bars of fire the sheeted deluge rive;
The mountain summits to the valley leap,
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd heap.

LXI.

The storm stands still! a moment's pause of terror!
All dungeon-dark!—Again the lightnings yawn,
Shewing the earth as in a quivering mirror.
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one,
Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone:
He dared not see her corpse!—he closed his eyes;
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
Of the last trump,—he glanced upon the skies,
He saw, what shook his soul with terror, shame, surprise.

LXII.

The Minstrel stood before him; two broad plumes
Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd air;
Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size;
'Twas EBLIS! king of Hell's relentless sovereignties.

LXIII.

The tempter spoke—"Spirit, thou mightst have stood,
But thou hast fall'n a weak and willing slave.
Now were thy feeble heart our serpents' food,
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,
But haughty Heaven controls the power it gave.
Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy sphere,
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave;
Till the Sun rolls the grand concluding year;
Till Earth is Paradise; then shall thy crime be clear."

LXIV.

The Angel listen'd,—risen upon one knee,
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismay'd.
His star-dropt plume hung round him droopingly,
His brow, like marble, on his hand was staid.
Still through the auburn locks' o'er hanging shade
His face shone beautiful; he heard his ban;
Then came the words of mercy, sternly said;
He plunged within his hands his visage wan,
And the first wild, sweet tears from his heart-pulses ran.

LXV.

The Giant grasp'd him as he fell to earth,
And his black vanes upon the air were flung,
A tabernacle dark;—and shouts of mirth
Mingled with shriekings through the tempest swung;
His arm around the fainting Angel clung.
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;
A moment o'er the mount of ruin hung,
Then burst through space, like the red comet's cone,
Leaving his track on heaven a burning, endless zone.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 185, line 13.

"*The sacred Evening of 'the Flight.'*"

THE Hegira, the first day of our July, A.D. 622; the day of Mohammed's retreat from Mecca, the chronological standard of the Mohammedans.

Note 2, page 187, line 4.

"*The 'Vision's' pomps sublime.*"

The night journey of Mohammed through the heavens, in which he saw the glories of the past and the future: a fiction of great fancy and extravagance.

Note 3, page 194, line 10.

"*But in the vale.*"

The mirage;—the common phenomenon of Eastern travel.

Note 4, page 200, line 10.

"*The vale at once was bare.*"

"On the 15th, at a quarter past seven in the morning, we left Waadi Dimokea, keeping a little to the westward of north, as far as I could judge, just upon the line of Syene. The same ridge of hills being on our right and left as yesterday, in the centre of these appeared Del Aned. The place is called Waadi Del Aned.

"The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sun-rise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate. The Greeks shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgement. Ismael pronounced it to be hell, and the Tucorories, that the world was on fire. I asked Idris if ever he had before seen such a sight. He said, he had often seen them as terrible, though never worse; but what he feared most was that extreme redness in the air, which was a sure presage of the coming of the simoom. I begged and entreated Idris that he would not say one word of that in the hearing of the people, for they had already felt it at

Imhanzara, in their way from Ras el Feel to Teawa, and again at the Acaba of Gerri, before we came to Chendi, and they were already nearly distracted at the apprehension of finding it here.

"At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon we left Waadi Del Aned, our course a little more to the westward than the direction of Syene. The sands which had disappeared yesterday, scarcely shewed themselves all this day, and at a great distance in the horizon. This was, however, a comfort but of short duration. I observed Idris took no part in it, but only warned me and the servants, that, upon the coming of the simoom, we should fall upon our faces with our mouths upon the earth, so as not to partake of the outward air as long as we could hold our breath. We alighted, at six o'clock, at a small rock in the sandy ground, without trees or herbage, so that our camels fasted all that night. This place is called Ras El Seah, or, by the Bishareen, El Mout, which signifies Death, a name of bad omen.

"On the 16th, at half-past ten in the forenoon, we left El Mout, standing in the direction close upon Syene. Our men, if not gay, were, however, in better spirits than I had seen them since we left Gooz. One of our Barbarins had even attempted a song; but Hagi Ismael very gravely reproved him, by telling him that singing in such a situation was a tempting of Providence. There is, however, nothing more different than active and passive courage. Hagi Ismael would fight, but he had not the strength to suffer. At eleven o'clock,

while we contemplated, with great pleasure, the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris cried out, with a loud voice, Fall upon your faces, for here is the simoom! I saw from the S.E. a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly, for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground, with my head to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground, as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw, was, indeed, passed, but the light air which still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast that I had imbibed a part of it, nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the baths of Porretta, about two years afterwards."—*Bruce's Travels.*

Note 5, page 207, line 1.

"*The Heaven was one blue cope.*"

"The night of the 11th of November was cool and extremely beautiful. Towards the morning, from half-past two, the most extraordinary luminous meteors were seen towards the east. M. Bonpland, who had risen to enjoy the freshness of the air

in the gallery, perceived them first. Thousands of bolides and falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south. They filled a space in the sky extending from the true east thirty degrees towards the south. Some of them obtained a height of forty degrees; all exceeded twenty-five or thirty. No trace of clouds was to be seen. M. Bonpland relates that, from the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal to three diameters of the moon, that was not filled at every instant with bolides or falling stars. The first were fewer in number, but, as they were seen of different sizes, it was impossible to fix the limit between these two classes of phenomena. All these meteors left luminous traces from five to ten degrees in length, as often happens in the equinoctial regions. The phosphorescence of these traces, or luminous bands, lasted seven or eight seconds. Many of the falling stars had a very distinct nucleus, as large as the disk of Jupiter, from which darted sparks of vivid light. The bolides seemed to burst as by explosion; but the largest, those from one degree to one degree fifteen seconds in diameter, disappeared without scintillation, leaving behind them phosphorescent bands, (trabes,) exceeding in breadth fifteen or twenty minutes. The light of these meteors was white, and not reddish, which must be attributed, no doubt, to the absence of vapours, and the extreme transparency of the same air. For the same reason,

under the tropics, the stars of the first magnitude have, at their rising, a light evidently whiter than in Europe. Almost all the inhabitants of Cumana were witnesses of this phenomenon, because they leave their houses before four o'clock to attend the first morning mass. They did not behold these bolides with indifference; the oldest of them remembered, that the great earthquakes of 1766 were preceded by similar phenomena. The Guaiqueries in the Indian suburb came out and asserted, 'that the firework had begun at one o'clock; and that, as they returned from fishing in the gulf, they had already perceived very small falling stars towards the east.' They affirmed, at the same time, that igneous meteors were extremely rare on those coasts after two in the morning. The phenomenon ceased by degrees after four o'clock, and the bolides and falling stars became less frequent; but we still distinguished some towards the north-east by their whitish light, and the rapidity of their movement, a quarter of an hour after sun-rise. This circumstance will appear less extraordinary, when I bring to the reader's recollection, that in full day-light, in 1788, the interior of the houses in the town of Popayan was brightly illuminated by an aërolite of immense magnitude. It passed over the town, when the sun was shining clearly at one o'clock. M. Bonpland and myself, during our second residence at Cumana, after having observed on the 26th of September, 1800, the immersion of the first satellite of Jupiter, succeeded in seeing the planet

distinctly with the naked eye, eighteen minutes after the disk of the sun had appeared in the horizon. There was a very slight vapour in the east, but Jupiter appeared on an azure sky. These facts prove the extreme purity and transparency of the atmosphere under the torrid zone. The mass of diffused light is so much less, as the vapours are more perfectly dissolved. The same cause that weakens the diffusion of the solar light, diminishes the extinction of that which emanates either from a *bolis*, Jupiter, or the moon seen on the second day after her conjunction.

" These bolides were seen at Weimar, in Germany; and at Herrenhut, in Greenland. The distance from Weimar to the Rio Negro, is 1800 sea leagues; and from Rio Negro to Herrenhut, in Greenland, 1300 leagues. Admitting that the same fiery meteors were seen at points so distant from each other, we must also admit that their height was at least 411 leagues. But in the New World, between the meridians of forty-six degrees and eighty-two degrees, between the equator, and sixty-four degrees north, at the same hour, an immense number of bolides and falling stars were perceived; and those meteors had everywhere the same brilliancy, throughout a space of 921,000 square leagues."—*Alexander de Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

MAJOR SCHILL.

SCHILL was one of those bold spirits who, in the days of German degradation, sustained the ancient memory of their country's valour. After the battle of Jena, he burst from Berlin, with his own regiment of hussars; and at their head, with a few volunteers, kept the French communications in alarm, taking Marshal Victor, and scouring the country up to the Baltic. He was finally attacked by a superior force in Stralsund, and, after a desperate struggle, slain.

ON THE GRAVE OF MAJOR SCHILL,

BURIED ON THE GLACIS OF STRALSUND.

STRANGER.

GERMAN soldier, is thy tear
Shed on a felon's sepulchre?
What can shelter in that heap,
But some guilty outcast's sleep?—
Yet, many a footstep freshly round
Marks it, like loved and holy ground.

SOLDIER.

Stranger! this heap is all the grave
Of one who died, as die the brave!
And never bosom's nobler tide
Stain'd flood or field, than when he died.
Stranger! no stone might dare to tell
His name, who on this red spot fell.

These steps are steps of German men,
Who, when the tyrant 's in his den,
Come nightly here with solemn tread,
To vow their vengeance o'er the dead.
Dead !—No ! that spirit 's light'ning still !
Stranger ! thou seest the grave of SCHILL.

ON

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANTIPATER.

"Οὐκ ἔτι θηλυμανὴς, Ὀρφεῦ," κ.τ.λ.

Orpheus! thou no more shalt lead,
From the mountain's bending head,
Ancient rocks and forests gray,
Nor make the brinded lion play,
And the spotted leopard crouch
Beside thy high-retired couch;
While the eagle check'd its wing,
Charm'd above thy solemn string.
Thou no more the snow shalt bind,
Or the biting Thracian wind:

Nor subdue the stormy cloud,
Hoary Winter's chilling shroud;
Nor, with an enchanted strain,
On old Ocean fling a chain.
Many a tear was shed for thee!
The divine Calliope,
In wild beauty, through the woods,
Where the yellow autumn broods,
Wept and wander'd for thee long;
In their caves the Satyr throng,
Grieving, stamp'd with horny tread
On the sweet, uneven reed;
And every Dryad from her tree
Fill'd the air with wo for thee.
Thou 'rt gone! Shall mortals o'er the grave repine,
When thus a goddess mourns a son divine!

SANDT,

THE MURDERER.

SANDT was a student in a German University, who, inflamed by the mysticism and extravagance of the half-revolutionary and half-infidel doctrines, which perverted the German youth at the close of the French war, determined to make himself memorable by sacrificing some enemy of his country. For this enemy he fixed on Kotzebue, the dramatist, who, from his being known to send letters on the state of the German public mind to the Emperor Alexander, had rendered himself suspected by the partizans of the Tugendbund. Sandt went to his house, handed him a letter, and while he was looking over it, stabbed him to the heart. He then gave himself some desperate wounds, but was seized before he could thus atrociously consummate the double triumph of the new philosophy. After a long imprisonment, he was brought to trial, sentenced, and put to death on the glacis of Manheim.

SANDT.

THE night was stormy; yet the clang
Of hammers through the darkness rang,
And on the rampart's vapoury swamp
High swung one faint and fitful lamp,
And came upon the gusty swell
The challenge of the sentinel;
As if some deed were doing there
Unfit for man to see or hear.

Morn rose on twilight, dim and slow;
By Manheim's gates were signs of woe—
A scaffold hung with black, a chair,
A sable bench,—a sabre bare,
Show'd, that before the setting sun
Some wretch's chain should be undone.

The gates roll back, and from the wall
Come chargers' tramp, and trumpet's call:
And, in the horsemen's midst, the dawn
Gleams on a face lone, wild, and wan;
The dazzled eye, the lip of blue,
Tell that to them the light is new;
Tell of the chain, the heavy air,
That damps the felon's sleepless lair.
The hand;—that pale, thin hand, which now
So feebly wanders o'er the brow,
By that was murder done; the stain
That left the hand, has dyed the brain.

The troops have reach'd the fatal stair,
The headsman stands beside the chair;
The pale, uncover'd multitude
Are hush'd as death; now—blood for blood!

High Heaven! what burning thoughts must roll
Through man beside that fearful goal?

Conscience has started from her sleep;
Now, man of sin! thy harvest reap.
He sees a traitor's step intrude
Upon an old man's solitude;
He sees the dagger in his heart,—
The writhe, ere soul and body part,—
The gasp, the dying gush of gore:—
The murderer dares to think no more,
Curses the moment's frantic zeal,
And hurries to the headsman's steel.

Yet, when beneath the rising sun
His native mountains lovely shone;
He raised one eastward, eager glare,
Wildly inhaled the living air,
On sun and sky his eyeball cast,
Like one who on them look'd his last;
Gave to the world one dreary sigh,
Then summon'd his sad strength to die.

The sword flash'd round, the red blood sprang,
To heaven arose the trumpet-clang,—
And of the murderer, all that lay
Upon that floor was blood and clay.

GEMS, FROM THE ANTIQUE;

THE ETCHINGS BY R. DAGLEY.

" Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen Gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine."

ROGERS.

In the following Designs the selection has been made chiefly with a view to their capability of supplying topics for poetry,—rather as objects of taste than of virtù. The drawings are necessarily slight and unlaboured; the sole object being to preserve the character of the originals. Finished designs of gems are seldom found in the greater collections; for no excellence of the engraver can satisfy the eye of the antiquary—and true taste will prefer an accurate *indication*, to the studied and finished copying of forms, whose delicacy and sweetness are beyond all power of the burin.

PREFACE.

THESE pages must confine themselves to a few leading notices of the history of engraved gems.

The sculpture of signets was, probably, the first use of gem engraving, and this was derived from the common source of all the arts—India. Signets of lapis lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, of an antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt, and our collections abound with intaglio and cameo hieroglyphics, figures of Isis, Osiris, the lotus, the crocodile, and the whole sym-

bolic Egyptian mythology, wrought upon jaspers, emeralds, basalts, blood-stones, turquoises, &c. Mechanical skill attained great excellence at an early period. The stones of the Jewish high-priest's breast-plate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of those stones one was a diamond!

The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but by the fragments of their arts, yet who, on the faith of those fragments, must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world; have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the scarabæus; and where the shape differs, the scarabæus is frequently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the more ancient story of Greece: the War of the chieftains at Thebes; Peleus devoting his hair; Tydeus after bathing; Theseus imprisoned by Pluto; Perseus with Medusa's head. Capaneus struck by lightning before Thebes; and Hercules bearing the tripod.

Gem engraving was at length adopted among the arts of Greece, and reached its perfection. The genius, which has left so many wonders in the larger sculpture, was displayed with scarcely less power in those minute works; and if the statues of Greece had perished, the fame of her arts might have been sustained by the exquisite beauty of her gems.

The Greek school has been divided into three periods:—From the time of Theodorus, the Samian, the sculptor of the celebrated emerald of Polycrates (B. C. 740), to that of Alexander the Great;—from Alexander to Augustus;—and from Augustus to the fall of the empire.

The characteristics of the Greek gems are grace and vigour: the figure is drawn with remarkable precision, the attitude is elegant, and the auxiliaries are finely composed: the emblems and attributes exhibit an accuracy, which implies an extraordinary degree of historical and mythological information in the class of artists, slaves as they were during a

long period of the art. The Greek gems generally exhibit the figure nude—the Roman, draped: the Greek were chiefly intaglios; and when cameos were produced, they were frequently of inferior workmanship.

A vast number of those works must have perished, but many have reached us, which make the glory of their respective cabinets. Of these are:

The Alexander and Olympias, a cameo in the Vatican, formerly in the Odescalchi collection; a work of remarkable size and beauty.

A cameo of Bacchus and Ariadne, in a chariot drawn by Centaurs. (Buonarotti.—Medaglioni.)

The cameos of the apotheosis of Germanicus; Agrippina, and Germanicus; Ulysses, Tiberius, Hadrian, Antinoüs, &c. in the Royal collection in Paris.

The Vienna cameo of the apotheosis of Augustus, in two lines of figures, with Livia, as Rome, and her family; Neptune and Cybele in the back ground.

The magnificent sardonyx cameo, which has given rise to so much controversy among the Tristans and Montfaucons, but which is now assumed to be the apotheosis of Augustus and his family. The emperor and the princes of the house of Tiberius are at the summit of the gem, and placed among the gods. On the second line, in the middle of the stone, is Germanicus, with Agrippina and Caligula beside him. On the lowest line are the captives.

The intaglios are numerous, and of still more decided antiquity and excellence. Yet the discussions on Michael Angelo's seal, a cornelian, now in the Parisian collection, are but a single instance of the keen diligence and dubious opinions, which have been exercised on those subjects. M. Mautour (Académie des Belles Lettres, i. 370.) detects in it a sacrifice in memory of the birth of Bacchus; M. Rosman, (Erlangische Anzeigen, 1744. No. 22.) the birth of Alexander; M. Thierheim, (Raspe. Tassie's Catalogue,) the festival of the Panathenæa; M. Bau-

delot, (Fête d' Athènes, Paris, 1712-4.) the Panepsiæ; M. Tournemine, (M. de Trevoux, Juin, 1710,) Alexander, in the character of the Indian Bacchus; M. de Murr (Bibliothêque des Beaux Arts, tom. i. p. 375) attempts to prove it a copy of figures in the plafond of the Capella Sistina; and M. Mariette (tom. ii. No. 54) is determined on reducing it to a simple vintage;—the most probable conjecture.

The celebrated Greek engravers are enumerated by Pliny's industry; and the additional notices which can now be given, are few and obscure. We have—

Of Pyrgoteles, the only engraver to whom Alexander would intrust his portrait on gems—Heads of Alexander and Phocion.

Of Tryphon—The marriage of Cupid and Psyche.

Of Chronius—Terpsichore standing.

Of Admon—Hercules drinking.

Of Cœnus—Adonis,—A faun celebrating the Bacchanalia.

Of CNEIUS—The stealing of the Palladium—A young Hercules—A Cleopatra, of singular beauty—Theseus, wearing the spoils of the Bull of Marathon.

Of DIOSCORIDES, (the most eminent engraver of the age of Augustus,)—A Mercury with the petasus, the caduceus, and the cloak—A Diomede with the Palladium—An Io; an incomparable gem—A Head of Demosthenes—Two busts of Augustus—A Perseus gazing on Medusa's head.

Of EPITYNCHANUS—A Bellerophon mounted on Pegasus, cornelian, in the possession of the Chev. d'Azara—A head of Sextus Pompey.

Of EVODUS—An aqua marine, with the portrait of Julia, the daughter of Titus and Marcia. A work admirable for the elegance of the design and the skill of the workmanship.

Those constitute but a small proportion of the names or productions of the great engravers of Greece. The art was adopted by the Romans, but with humbler skill.

On the fall of the empire, it was feebly sustained in the darkness and tumult of the barbarian ages; but under the Medici, with the general revival of literature, it revived; and Italy supplied the most famous engravers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Germany held the next place; and Kilian, entitled the German Pyrgoteles, Pikler, and Natter, are among the ablest modern artists.

The fondness of France for works on the scale that strikes the popular eye, has turned her skill from the minute beauty of gems. She has produced but few artists of reputation; and gem engraving in Paris seems to have nearly perished.

The English artists hold a high rank in collections; and Simon, Reisen, Brown, Marchant, &c. have sculptured many gems of remarkable taste, spirit, and learning.

But the principal collections are foreign. Those of Italy, greatly disturbed by the French invasion, have, in some instances, changed their names and

masters. Previously to that period, the most distinguished were —

The Florentine—founded by Lorenzo de Medici.

The Strozzi—in the Strozzi palace at Rome. This collection contained some of the most renowned gems:—the Hercules of Cneius; the two Medusas of Solon and Sosthenes; the Æsculapius of Aulus; the Germanicus of Epitynchanus; the Muses of Allion; the Satyr of Scylax, &c.

The Ludovisi — belonging to the Prince di Piombino.

The Azara.

The Vatican.

The French churches have a few fine specimens; and opulent individuals have been enabled, in the wreck of Italy, to purchase celebrated gems; but the chief deposit is in the Museum of Antiquities in Paris.

The St. Petersburg cabinet was formed on the collection of Natter, the artist, purchased after his

death; and subsequently increased by the Orleans collection. There are some collections of great value in the continental courts,—

The Prussian Collection, formed by the Elector Frederic William, and increased by that of the learned connoisseur Baron Storch.

The Danish, at the castle of Rosenburgh.

The Orange, at the Hague.

The Vienna, eminent for the beauty and size of its cameos.

The British Museum possesses many valuable gems. They deserve to be more publicly known.

The principal private English collections are those of the noble families of Devonshire, Marlborough, Bedford, and Carlisle.

The finer order of gems are seldom within the means of private purchasers; but the art of making pastes, or coloured stones, places all that constitutes the true value of the original, its story and its beauty, within the most moderate expenditure. Sulphurs

and wax impressions are frequent in Italy; but the best imitations of the antique are the pastes executed by Tassie, of Leicester Square. The sculpture and tint of the gem are copied with an extraordinary fidelity. Tassie's collection, perhaps the most complete in Europe, amounts to about fifteen thousand, and comprises fac-similes of all the celebrated gems.

The importance of these reliques to learned investigation, to the artist and to the amateur, to the natural and elevating indulgence felt in looking on the features of the mighty dead—deserves to make them a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. Gems illustrate the attributes and tales of mythology, the costumes of antiquity, the fine romances of the poets, the characters of the early languages, the great historic events, and the progress of the arts: the countenances of Virgil and Mæcenas, of Cicero and Alexander, live only on gems: the Venus of Praxiteles, the head of the Phidian Minerva, the Apoxyomenos of Polycletus, that triumph of ancient statuary! are to be

found only on gems: the restorations of the Venus de Medici, and the Laocoon have been made from gems: they offer an endless treasure of the brilliant thoughts, and buried wisdom, the forgotten skill, and the vanished beauty, of a time when the mind and form of man reached their perfection.

The writer of these illustrations is too fully aware of their slightness, to expect that they will impress the public with his personal feeling of this captivating study: yet—

Μνημοσυνης και Ζηνος ολυμπιου αγλαα τεκνα,
Μουσαι Πιερίδες, πλωτι μοι ευχομενω!

ΣΟΛ. Ελεγ.

The letters T. C. in the Notes, mark those gems which are described in Tassie's catalogue, by M. RASPE.

GEMS.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won;
Fear'd—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone:
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By Nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land!

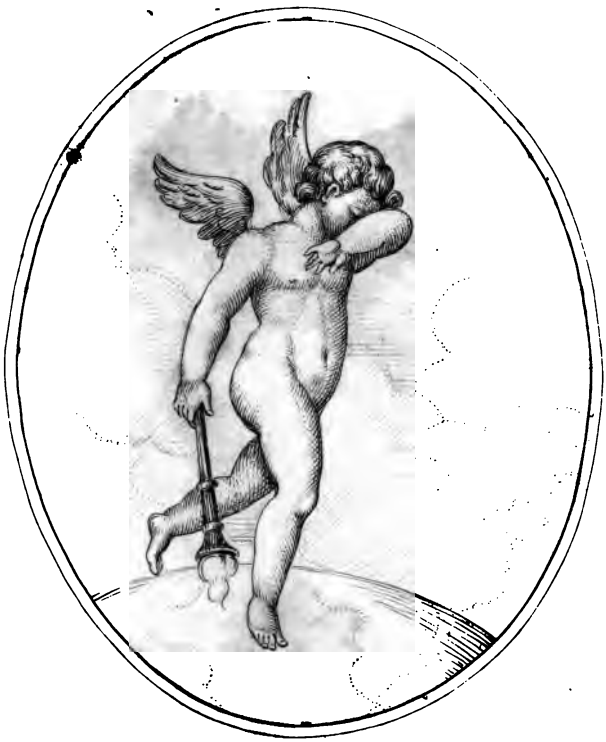
And throned immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage;
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

Pericles & Aspasia.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

What is Death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!



The Genius of Death.

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What 's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wond'rous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

A Woman
Contemplating a Household God.

A WOMAN

CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume!

Leonidas.

LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men
Who died along this shore—
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on Valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear;—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

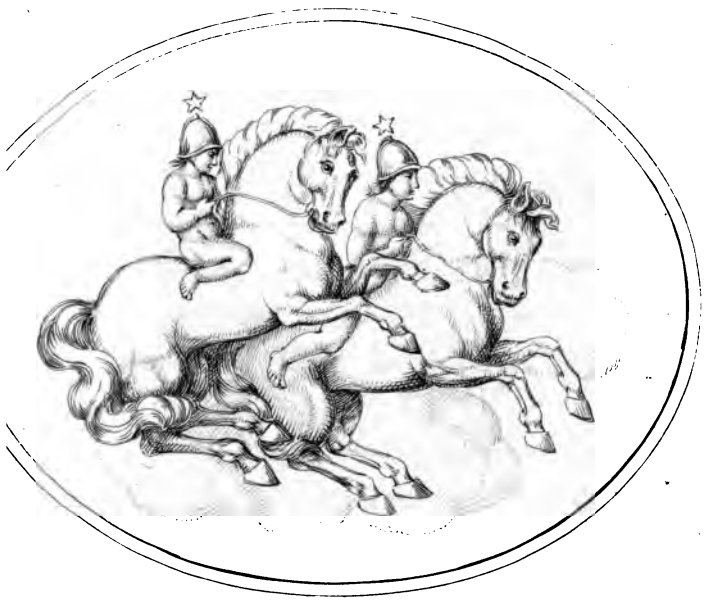
But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
LEONIDAS! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now;
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone,
Where Justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas,
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
GREECE shall be a new-born Star!

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

When Winter dips his pinion in the seas,
And mariners shudder, as the chilling gale
Makes its wild music through the Cyclades;
What eyes are fix'd upon the cloudy veil,
Twin Warriors! to behold your sapphire mail,
Shooting its splendours through the rifted sky!
What joyous hymns your stars of beauty hail!
For then the tempests to their caverns fly,
And on the pebbled shore the yellow surges die.



Castor & Pollux.

Cupid Breaking the Thunderbolt.

CUPID

BREAKING THE THUNDERBOLT.

WHERE is, O LOVE! thy nest?
Is it in Beauty's breast,
Or in the meshes of her chestnut hair?
Or do thine arrows fly,
Wing'd from her azure eye,
Or from her coral lip's delicious air.

O LOVE! 'tis all the same;
For thy subduing flame,
Alike by sunny tress and sigh is fann'd;
And hearts, in all their pride,
Have in sweet passion died,
Ev'n at the faint touch of her snowy hand.

Sceptres are weak to thee,

Thou thing of infancy!

Thy childish wrath can break the bolts of Jove.

Yet deadlier is thy smile,

The spirit to beguile,

Making the tomb the bride-bed—faithless Love!

A FAUN.

SHADOW me, woods! and let your branches wave,
Making sweet music to my drowsy ear:
Be dim, fair moon! and through the leafy roof
Seem but a twinkling lamp; and every breeze
Die on your flowery beds, until my eyes
Yield to this pleasant heaviness!
And hark!
There is a gentle music in the air!
The moon is but a lamp, and the rude wind
Has died upon the rose!—Come, gentle dream!

* * * * * * *

This is Elysium! All the grove is fill'd
With sights and sounds of wonder:—There 's no tree,
But opening lets a goddess forth; the streams

Send up bright shapes, that from their lilied hair
Wring out the sparkling waters; all the hills
Are starr'd with silver fires; the marble caves
Show through their ivy curtains sylvan lamps,
Lit by the glow-worm's torch; and airy songs
Bewitch the night.

This is the woodland King!
And here upon his lonely throne he sits,
Entranced, with his sweet pipe fix'd at his foot,
And listens to the revelry,—till Morn,
Led by the gray-hair'd Twilight from her couch,
Comes, like a blushing bride, to meet the Sun!

CUPID

CARRYING PROVISIONS.

A.D. 1600.

THERE was once a gentle time
Whenne the world was in its prime;
And everie day was holydaye,
And everie monthe was lovelie Maye.—
CUPIDE thenne hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe;
And in blossomede vale and grove
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimplede cheeke,
And a blue eye fonde and meeke;

And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,
Like hyacynthes on a bed of snowe;
And a lowe voice silverre sweete
From a lippe without deceite:
Onlie those the heartes coulde move
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste;
Canne the summerre alwayes laste!
And the swaines are wiser growne,
And the hearte is turnede to stone,
And the maidenne's rose may witherre,
CUPIDE 's fled, no manne knowes whitherre!

But anotherre CUPIDE 's come,
With a browe of care and gloome;
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullenne golde:
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his backe the householde store,

Cupid Carrying Provisions.

That the bridalle colde muste buye;
Uselesse nowe the smile ande sighe:
But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.
Oh, for the olde true-love time,
Whenne the worlde was in its prime!

SAPPHO.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
That more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

Sappho.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quench'd in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentred strife of Love!

DIANA.

How like a Queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
The stars are veil'd in light; the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams—the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness—the mountain's brow,
Where Winter on eternal pinions broods—
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,
Touch'd by thy smile, lone Moon! in one wide splendour glow.

Diana.

Genius Bound.

GENIUS
BOUND.

GLORIOUS Spirit! at whose birth
Joy might fill the conscious earth;
Yet her joy be dash'd with fear,
As at untold danger near;
A comet rising on her gloom,
Or to light her, or consume!

Beauty is upon thy brow!
Such sad beauty as the bow,
Child of shower and sunbeam, wears,
Waked, and vanishing, in tears;
Yet to its splendid moment given
Colours only lit by heaven.

Thou canst take the lightning's wings,
And see the deep forbidden things;—
With thy starry sandal tread
On the ocean's treasure bed;
Or make the rolling clouds thy throne;
Height and depth to thee are one!

Prophet Spirit! thou canst sweep
Where the unborn nations sleep;
Or, from the ancient ages' shroud
To judgement call their sceptred crowd;
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb—
Nor past, nor present, nor to come.

Yet here thou sit'st, while earth and heaven
Are to thy radiant empire given.
Alas! I see the manacle!—
And all thy soul has felt the steel;
Thy wing of fire, thy beauty, vain—
For GENIUS dies beneath the chain!

Bacchus on a Panther

BACCHUS

ON A PANTHER.

Boy of beauty rare!
With thy lip in roses dyed,
And that harmless, infant air,
Why upon the panther ride,
Boy of beauty rare?

Sweet one! is 't to tell
That within thy cup is woe!
That the victim of thy spell
Passion's fiery speed shall know?—
Thou 'rt an oracle!

THESEUS.

When Theseus left his Ariadne's side,
Young Bacchus came—at once her tears were dried.
Our widows, hence, disdain in weeds to pine,
But take another husband with their wine!

Theseus.

A Triton & Nereid

A TRITON AND NEREID.

THE day had been a tempest, and our bark,
Ploughing the surly and impetuous surge,
Had reach'd a bay in Crete. The evening fell,
Leaving the sky all painted with bright clouds,
That dyed their crimson on the glassy sea.
So, having moor'd, we lay, like men escaped,
Idly upon the poop and deck, in talk,
Such as the wanderer loves, of fearful wrecks;
Of night surprises, where the slumbering crew
Were woke by pirate swords; of buried gold
In the sea-chambers; of the warnings sweet,

That come o' nights between the stormy gusts,
The mermaids' melodies.
At once uprose
A tumult of rich sounds, as if the deep
Were cleft to let them forth: then died as swift,
Leaving us breathless, gazing all perplex'd,
Like spell-struck creatures!—But, anon, the wave
Was fill'd with wonders, wild and green-hair'd men,
With conchs for trumpets, follow'd by fair nymphs,
That show'd their ivory shoulders through the tide;
Some, tossing spears of coral, some, pearl-crown'd,
And scattering roses—or, with lifted hands,
Reining the purple lips of dolphins yoked,
And huge sea-horses.
While we stood amazed;
A meteor shot above, the trumpets swell'd,
And on a sweeping and high-crested surge,
That stoop'd our pennant to its foaming edge,
Rush'd by two sovereign Shapes, hand twined in hand,
In speechless love!—The waves around were swum

By crowding Cupids, Tritons, and sweet Nymphs,
Filling the perfumed air with harmony.

* * * * * *

The pageant flash'd away, and left us dim,
Like men who had seen lightning!

ATALANTA.

When the young Greek for Atalanta sigh'd,
He might have fool'd and follow'd, till he died!
He learn'd the sex, the bribe before her roll'd,
And found, the short way to the heart is—Gold!

Atalanta.

SILENUS

LOOKING AT A GOBLET.

WHERE is the Necromancer? Let him bring
His treasury of charms—rich syrups—herbs
Gather'd in eclipse, or where shooting stars
Sow earth with pearl: or let him call his sprites,
Till the air thickens, and the golden noon,
Smote by their wings, is turn'd to sudden night.
This goblet's worth all magic.
Of its draught
Let sorrow taste, anon, the lifeless lip
Glows crimson; sullen Poverty is rich;
The bondsman's chain is light as gossamer;
The lover's eye, long dim with wasting tears,
Shines brightly, and sees kneeling for a look
The tyrant Beauty; Age is warm'd to Youth;

Lean Avarice hoards no more; and crouching Fear
Stalks giant-like: the fretted brows of kings
Forget the feverish pressure of a crown,
And taste as pleasant slumber as the slave's,
That toils for 't in the sun.

Silenus.

Venus clipping the Wings of Cupid

VENUS

CLIPPING THE WINGS OF CUPID.

VENUS, clippe thy truante's winge:—
For it is the deadliest thinge
'Twixte the rounde earthe and the skie.
Not the poisonne-staines that lie
Glisteninge in the waninge moone,
On the slipperie serpente stone;
Not the droppe of venome hunge
Coldlie from the aspic's tongue;
Not the witche's eville eye,
As she hurries mutteringe bye;
Nothinge born of sunne or gloome,
Is so deadlie as thatte plume!

For the hearte's no sooner wonne,
Than the truante Love is gone;
Fickle as the Aprille gale.
Then the maidene's cheeke is pale;
And the vermeile-tincturede lippe,
Riche as rosebuddes when they dippe
In the summerre honeye-dewe,
Dyinge, weares the lilye's hue;
Ande, for smiles, the wearie sighe
On its beautie nowe dothe lie;
Ande the farewelle worde is spokenne—
Ande the maidene's heart is brokenne!

Flora

FLORA.

THE flowers are Nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty;—Primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting Rose,
That like a virgin queen, salutes the Sun,
Dew-diadem'd; the perfumed Pink, that studs
The earth with clustering ruby; Hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses;—Myrtle green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night-kisses to it, and so dream;
Fair Lilly! woman's emblem, and oft twined
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen,

Such is their whiteness;—downcast Violet,
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,
As she her delicate and startled ear
From passion's tale!

The Education of Bacchus.

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

I HAD a vision!—'Twas an Indian vale,
Whose sides were all with rosy thickets crown'd,
That never felt the biting winter gale;—
And soon was heard a most delicious sound;
And to its music danced a nymph embrown'd,
Leading a lion in a silken twine,
That with his yellow mane would sweep the ground,
Then on his rider fawn—a boy divine!
While on his foaming lips a nymph shower'd purple wine.

PINDAR.

In the grave this head was laid;—
All its atoms in the sun
Through a thousand years have play'd,
Through a thousand shapes have gone:
It has blossom'd in the flower—
It has floated in the wave—
It has lit the starlight hour—
It has whisper'd through the cave!
Has the spirit perish'd all?
This was but its mouldering wall!

P. Pindar.

Fame, the prize of life, was won;
PINDAR's mighty task was done;
Then on air his wing was cast!
Like a flame, the soul has past,
While the ashes rest below;—
Like a trumpet's sudden blast,
Gone!—what strength shall check it now?
When the lightning wears a chain,
PINDAR's soul shall stoop again!—

Yet the world has need of thee,
Man of Immortality:
Greece,—the name is lost in tears,—
Land of laurels, lyres, and spears!
Visions on that spot have birth,
Brighter than are born of earth:
In that soil of glorious strife,
Not an atom but had life.
Glow'd and triumph'd, fought and died,
As the patriot battle's tide,

Flood of arrow, lance, and sword,
O'er the whelm'd invader roar'd.

Hear us! from thy golden sphere!—
Shall the eternal sepulchre
Hide the spirit of the land?
Shall no great, redeeming hand—
(Oh, for such as dyed her seas
In thy day, Miltiades!)
Issuing from her peasant ranks,
Smite the turban'd robber horde,
Till the chain no longer clanks,—
Till the Turkish battle, gored,
Over Helle's purple banks
In returnless flight is pour'd;—
Till the phalanx, laurel-brow'd,
Like a rolling thunder-cloud,
Like a conflagration sweeping,
Of its plague-spot clears the soil;
And no more the voice of weeping,
Woman's shame, or manhood's spoil,

Grieves the listening midnight sky?—
PINDAR! shall her glory die!
Shall, like thine, no godlike strain
Teach her to be great again?
Hear us, from thy starry throne
Hear!—BY THOSE IN MARATHON!

END OF THE GEMS.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THE nature of the connection between the celebrated Athenian and Aspasia, has given rise to much learned doubt. Pericles had been divorced from his wife, who had subsequently married; and his extraordinary deference and attention to Aspasia, the respect paid to her by his principal friends, and her own accomplishments and intelligence, have been thought to argue her marriage. On the other hand, the comic poets, the habitual satirists of the time, deny all the *beau ideal* of the connexion. The relaxed morality of paganism allowed of offences which our purer code puts out of the pale. Aspasia was a native of Miletus, the proverbial city of genius and beauty.

Pericles seems to have had faculties of the highest order for government. The man who "wielded at will the fierce demo-

cracy" for forty years, and equally mastered his capricious and brilliant countrymen in the public assembly and in the field, must have had an understanding and a spirit competent to all emergencies, great decision, great intellectual activity, profound knowledge of human nature, and, in that land where all superiority was tried by public speaking, pre-eminent eloquence; a noble combination of qualities, which thenceforth were scattered, to make each the fame of some man of history. The characteristic of his eloquence was simple vigour, and that of his mind, mild determination. The title of "the *Olympian*", given to him by the Athenians, is the most expressive panegyric of his serene, lofty, and comprehensive genius. His latter days were clouded by the errors and death of his sons; but he died surrounded by the "troops of friends" that make the honour of age. His dying words deeply conveyed the magnanimous temper of his administration. "His friends", says Plutarch, "were conversing in his chamber on his high employments, his long career, and his victories, for he had erected nine TROPHIES on the Athenian soil. At this time his senses were supposed to be gone; but he heard what passed, and said, that they had enumerated things in which Fortune had her share, and in which many generals had been equally successful. But they had omitted the source of his chief pride—"That no Athenian had, through his means, ever put on mourning."

The engraving is from a fine gem by Marchant. The

Pericles is a close resemblance of the busts in the capitol, and in the Townleyan collection now in the British Museum. That of Aspasia is more doubtful. — *A sardonyx; intaglio.*

THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

From a gem by Brown, on the Greek model.

A WOMAN

CONTEMPLATING A HOUSEHOLD GOD.

This is among the most beautiful of the antique draped figures. The execution of the gem is remarkably fine. It has been called "Calphurnia consulting the Penates on the fate of Cæsar." It is more probably a symbol of that "Domestic Affection," which the ancients exalted, almost blamelessly, into an object of divine homage. — *Amethyst; intaglio.*

T. C.

LEONIDAS.

From a gem in Tassie's collection. The figure has obviously received his death-wound.— *Carnelian; intaglio.*

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

From a cameo. The character and action of the horses are striking; but there are deficiencies in the general execution. The difference in the size of the "Twins" is remarkable. Their influence over tempests is an old superstition, not altogether extinguished in our day.—*Onyx.*

T. C.

CUPID BREAKING THE THUNDERBOLT.

An emblem of the omnipotence of Love, according to the ancient conception.—*Cameo; onyx.* Florentine Museum.

T. C.

A FAUN.

This subject has been described as "a young Faun thinking of some melody for his double flute." Its grace and beauty have made it a favourite with artists. In a picture by Annibal Caracci, in the late Mr. Angerstein's collection, it is introduced as a Faun listening to a youth playing on a Pan's pipe. The head, however, is not in profile; and

the countenance is severe, in obvious jealousy of the performer. A drawing by N. Poussin repeats the figure, as listening to the music of a boy.—From a gem in the Duke of Marlborough's collection.—*Black agate; intaglio.*

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

An ingenious emblem of the importance of wealth to love. An illustration of the old adage: "Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus."—From an antique gem.

SAPPHO.

This portrait is presumed to be authentic. It wants the energy which we might ascribe to Sappho's countenance; yet it may have been studied as an expression of her more dejected moments. It differs from the common bust of Sappho on gems; but it is an undoubted antique, and exhibits able workmanship.—*Green jasper; convex.*

T. C.

DIANA.

This figure has been named Eurydice, from her pointing to her foot, where Eurydice was bitten by the serpent.

It is more probably Diana, in her heavenly character.—*Carnelian.* T. C.

GENIUS BOUND.

From a carnelian in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, where it is called a Victory; but it is difficult to reconcile the fettered hands, and attitude of constraint and dejection, with the title.

T. C.

BACCHUS ON A PANTHER.

From one of Brown's finest imitations of the antique, a gem of admirable spirit and beauty. The subject was a frequent study of the Greek sculptors; and Bacchus may be traced on gems from his infancy to his triumphs and apotheosis.

T. C.

THESEUS.

There is some doubt as to the true application of this name. The heads of the young Hercules, Omphale, and

Theseus, appear to have been classed nearly together; and it was probably sometimes a feat of art, to mingle their features, and give in one countenance the force of Hercules, the dignity of Theseus, and the beauty of Omphale.

T. C.

A TRITON AND NEREID.

The original is a gem of great beauty. The Cupid beside the Dolphin is allegorical of the universal power of Love. Connoisseurship has indulged itself in naming the principal figures Nereus and Doris.—*Amethyst.* Florentine Museum.

T. C.

ATALANTA.

There is a curious mixture of what may have been fact, and what must have been fable, in the history of Atalanta. Her nurse was a she-bear! Her beauty attracted all the youth of Arcadia; but she was vowed to celibacy until she should be overcome in fleetness. The trial was formidable, for she ran, armed with a spear, by which the less expeditious lover was to die.

Venus, in pity for this waste of love and life, gave three golden apples to Hippomenes, which, as the history tells, checked Atalanta's speed, until she exchanged her victim for a husband. Hippomenes and Atalanta were turned into lions by Cybele's wrath, on their bridal night.

There has been supposed some allusion, in this romance, to the temptation in Paradise, the source of a large share of tradition and mythology.

SILENUS.

This figure wants the age and the intoxication of Silenus; but the conception is striking, and the original gem is of the finest order of engraving. Silenus, though degraded by the later fabulists into the vagrant head of a tribe of satyrs, held a high rank in the estimate of the old mythologists. He was declared to be *self-born*—αυτολεχιυτος—a great prophet, like Proteus, and a transmitter of the history of the creation. In Ælian he is described as a superior spirit, of the intermediate class between man and Deity.

VENUS CLIPPING CUPID'S WINGS.

From an antique gem in Lord Carlisle's collection.

FLORA.

From a fine gem, probably by Valerio Belli.

T. C.

THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS.

Bryant considers this Greek deity to have been Cush, the son of Ham, the son of Noah. He is the same with Dionusos, so far as they both represent the Sun: and his march from the East, his being twice born, and his planting the vine, are presumed to allude to the preservation from the deluge, and the migrations and labours of the sons of Noah. One of his titles was Διφυής; and probably the time of his being in the ark is taken into the account of his three lives, according to the Orphic hymn:

> "Οργιον, αῤῥητον, τριφυες, χρυφιον Διος ερνος.
> Κικλησκω Διονυσον."——

He was born near the city of Nyssa in India, and educated by nymphs.

From a cameo, in the collection of the King of Naples. The composition is spirited, but the workmanship crude and incomplete.

PINDAR.

From a gem, copied from the marble.

"BY THOSE IN MARATHON."

The celebrated oath of Demosthenes.

T. C.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ANTIQUE CASKET, CONTAINING A RING.

A.D. 1500.

From India came this little bande
  Of emeralde and rubie stone,
A spelle that sparklinge on thine hande,
  Should tell thee gentle tales of one,
Whose daye and nighte were memorie,
Helene! of loveliness and thee.

A spelle was gravenne in its golde,
  A spirit fixede, without his winges;
To Helene once it would have tolde
  More than was ever tolde by ringes:
But now, mie dreame 's alle past and gone,
Mie teares are on the burial stone!

Thou canst not see the teares that starte
From eyes by thoughtes like those beguilde,
Thou canst not knowe the beatinge hearte,
Ever a victime and a childe!
To me 'tis left alone to grieve;
The tombe, the tombe doth not deceive.

I 'll heare thy voice of melodie
In whispers of the summerre air,
I 'll see the brightnesse of thine eye
In the blue eveninge's shininge starre,
In moonlighte beames thy puritie;
And look on heavenne, to look on thee!

THE

BATTLE SONG.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

"Μιχρις τιδ' κατακειθεις," κ.τ.λ.

SHAKE off slumber—Men, arise!
Dare you meet the scorner's eyes?
War is safety, peace is fear,
Life is only in the spear.
Though ye perish, let the dart
Quiver in the slayer's heart!
Falling, dying, battle still,—
Glory 's in the warrior-will!

Death must strike us soon or late,
'T is the stern decree of fate:
Heroes, onwards,—press the targe
Close to the burning heart, and charge!
Push the spear!—Not Jove could save
His offspring from the common grave:
The coward and the brave must fall,
Death smites alike in field and hall.
Yet where 's the wife's, the people's tear,
Upon the flyer's culprit bier?
But, if the wound the brave man wring,
The people to his threshold cling;
He dies—they love the ground he trod;
Living, he lives a demi-god!
The nation's tower, beloved, adored—
An army in his single sword!

DEATH.

FROM THE GREEK OF AGATHIAS.

" Τον θανατον τι φοβεισθε; " κ. τ. λ.

Why shrink at Death, the end of all our woes—
Life's healer—mighty mother of repose?
If good, 'tis good for ever; but if ill,
It wounds but once, and then the pang is still.
Life's wan diseases strike us o'er and o'er;
The traveller of death returns no more!

THE MAGIC LAMP.

"On the cavern's chilling stone
Faint with terror, lost, alone;
Young Aladdin, dost thou lie,
Waiting for thine hour to die?"
Rushing in his spell-bound sleep
Tens of thousand fathoms deep,
What is o'er his shrinking head?
Ocean thundering on its bed.
What beneath that rocky floor?
Gulphs of ever-burning ore?

There came a voice, it was strange and sweet
As the sounds that on evening waters meet,
When the winds on the purpling mountain die,
And the sun gives his farewell look to the sky.
Is it a dream? He feels his hand
Touch'd by the point of a feathery wand,
And his dying glance is raised from the stone—
Along the roof a radiance shone,
A gentle glory, like the line
Of the rising crescent argentine,
And hovering in its central white,
On azure wings, a shape of light.
The eye that look'd its ringlets through,
Was bright as the stars of the Himmalu,
Or the violet flash of the northern sky;
And on its ringlets clustering high
A coronet shed a steady glow,
Like a ring of flame imprison'd in snow.
It spoke, and its wings' descending wave
With a breath of odours fill'd the cave.

" Lord of the talisman of might,
That binds to man the sons of light,
We heard thee in our airy hall,
Above the dog-star's burning ball;
And now at our master's summoning,
Behold, the Genii of the Ring."

Aladdin knelt, the Moslem's breast
Was bow'd, in homage, to the east.
A blaze of lightning o'er him shot,
And where it struck, a burning spot
Still shone upon the granite wall.
It waver'd and spread like a fiery pall,
Sanguine and more sanguinè growing,
Till the whole sheet of rock was glowing,
In gushes and serpent coils of flame
That sear'd his eyes and scorch'd his frame!
Woe, woe, to the lord of the talisman.
Terror and anguish through him ran;
" There must he fall." He strove to fling
From his dying hand the MYSTIC RING.

The sulphurous flame before him roll'd,
But 't was now like the verdure soft and cold
That Spring embroiders for Persian vales,
When the moonlight awakes the nightingales.
Then rose and fell on his ear a sound,
Like music echoing under ground;
Sinking and sweet, yet unsubdued,
Like the distant song of multitude;
Or the wind's melody, when the sun
Has his first garland of crimson thrown
On the dusky Eastern sea;
Or the forest's evening harmony,
When every leaf has found a tongue;
A swelling, strange, inconstant song.
And, crowding through the lunar light,
Came glittering shapes, then pass'd from sight:
Wing'd spirits, floating in beauty round,
To the risings and fallings of that sweet sound.
And on the ringlets of each fair brow
The circlet of flame imprison'd in snow;

Till the chaunt was done, and the train were gone,
Dissolving like airs and dews through the stone.

Now rose on his sight a Pagoda old,
Flourished with sculptures wild and bold;
And around it piles of ancient stone
Like the tombs of monarchs dead and gone,
Cover'd with carpets of giant weeds,
And mighty trunks, where the adder breeds.
He burst the gate. But his eagle gaze
Shrank in the lightning's arrowy rays,
That shot from the trees of the palace bower,
Thick as the drops of a summer shower.
The fruits o'er his head and the flowers at his feet
Were living topaz and crysolite,
The smallest shrub that shook in the wind
Was worth all the pearls of the princes of Ind.
But he saw not, he touch'd not, but struggled on,
Where his charmed life must be lost or won;
Where blazed in the garden's depth the Lamp,
Like the central fire of an eastern camp,

When the turban'd Rajah and swarthy Khan
Prepare for the fight in the midnight divan.
The piercing blaze of that lofty light
Mark'd the place of mystery and might,
Whence the spirits of many an evil Star
Shot the shafts of pestilence and war;
And Famine's cold breath was blown on the soil,
And Death led the Tartar and Curd to the spoil.
The blaze of the talisman was sent
Through the wavering folds of a boundless tent,
That like clouds of amber and orange shone
Round the garden's bright, unsetting Sun:
For there it had flamed from earth's primal hour,
The sun and the soul of king Lucifer's bower.

He climbed the hill. A roar of flame
Show'd where the lava round him came;
A thousand arrows were on the wing,
He could hear the twanging of the string;
A thousand scimitars cleft the air,
Yet they touch'd not one lock of his waving hair.

The curtain arose. The Lamp's fierce light
Shot gushes of flame on his withering sight;
But he press'd the ring, and he saw their fire
Shrink, like a wounded dragon's spire.
And fiendish curse and loud lament
Swell'd from the depths of the genie tent,
Mingled with shrieks and battle cries,
Women's and warriors' agonies.
But still he rush'd on, though from head to heel
He felt his startled senses reel.
He touch'd the Lamp; down sank the flame—
Thunder, and tempest, and midnight came.

His senses were gone.—When he gazed again,
He was standing beside a fearful den;
But o'er his head was the dewy light
That heralds the stars of the Persian night;
And play'd on his cheek the dewy air,
And the dew was cool on his raven hair;
And, where the moon, on the mountains lay,
He saw rampart and minaret tall and gray.

'T is his Persian hound that beside him lies,
'T is his Turcoman steed that beside him neighs,
'T is BAGDAD that sleeps in the silver showers
By the moonlight shed on those stately towers.
But a chaunt is heard of voice and string—
" Aladdin rise, and be more than a king.
The Lamp, dominion's master-sign,
The Ring of the genie lords, are thine;
Yet the warrior-soul the prize that won,
Is brighter than Lamp, and Ring, and throne."

NELSON'S PILLAR,

AT YARMOUTH.

WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE ON A LOWERING EVENING.

THERE is a gloomy grandeur in the sun,
That levels his last light along the shore;
The clouds are rolling downwards stern and dun;
The long, slow wave is streak'd with red, like gore
On some vast field of battle; and the roar
Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.
From Ocean's depths a column seems to soar,
A shaft of silver, on whose summit, wound
With fiery beams, sits Britain sad, and throned, and crown'd!

And now the sun sinks deeper; and the clouds,
In folds of sullen fire, still heavier lour;
'Till the whole storm the shore and ocean shrouds.
But o'er the tempest glows that stately tower,
A giant height, on which the sunbeams shower
Their undiminish'd glories. NELSON'S name
Is on the column. Thus the battle's hour
But show'd the splendour of his spirit's flame,
Thus till earth's final night shall blaze the Hero's fame.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND SERPENT.

FROM A PICTURE BY STEWARDSON.

" Is it a vision? For I've seen such things
Among the morning skies, and the sweet fires
That play round tree-tops in the setting sun."

THE bower is of the Indian drapery
That weaves its living woof of flowers and fruits,
Red with the kisses of the amorous sun;
The roof is canopied crimson of the rose,
Vaulting a couch of violet, here and there
Tinged with some bud fresh weeping from the roof;
And tissued with rich leaves, that force their way
Veining the blue, like gold in lazuli.

A form is in that bower, that might be thought
Placed there for man to worship, or of those
That sit on thrones o' the cloud, and wreathe their wings
With pearls still wet from dews of Paradise.
Yet she is human, and the silvery shawl,
That, like a holy circle o'er a saint,
Crowns her pale beauty, binds a weary brow,
Besieged with memories that make it pale.

* * * * *

She sits upon the ground; and one hand lifts
A flute, that from her lip draws melodies,
Like the wind's wooing of the rose; and one
Holds a bright serpent in a silken band.
Her eye is on him, and his eye on her,
As if she found in him *one* thing to love;
As if he felt her beauty, not her chain,
And lived upon her melancholy smile.
Her song has stirr'd him; it has stirr'd herself;
For on her eyelash hangs a glistening tear,
The heart's quick tribute to times past and gone;
And such wild sportings as he can he tries

Before her powerful eye, and suits his dance,
Swifter or slower, to her wandering song.
He shoots along the violet floor, and lies
Straight as a prostrate column, and as still
As its pale marble; then sweeps up his coil,
Surge upon surge, and lays his gorgeous head
With its fix'd, sleepless eye i' the centre ring,
The watcher of his living citadel;
Then rolls away as loose as the sea-wave;
Anon, he stoops like the wild swan, and shows
A neck as arch'd and silvery; then the vine
Must be outdone, and he 's as lithe, and curl'd,
And glistens through the leaves as proud a green.
But now the song grows loftier, and his pomp
Must all be worn to please his Indian queen.
He rises from his train, that on the ground
Floats in gold circles, and his glittering head
Towers in the sunset, like a rising flame;
And he has put on colours that make dim
The stones o' the Indian mine: his length is sheathed
In mail, that has for plates the mother-pearl,

And for its studs the diamond: there 's no ray
That strikes his neck from that broad setting sun,
But rings it with a collar of rich gems,
Or sheets it in one emerald, or the flame
Of rubies. From beneath his burning crest
Flashes the eye, a living chrysolite,
Yet fix'd in all its shootings on one form,
That thanks its duty with a faint fond smile.
So stands and shines he till the charm is done,
And that sweet sound and sweeter smile have sunk
In silence and in shade.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Minds dedicate
To nothing temporal."

SHAKSPEARE.

TWILIGHT was in the chamber, yet the flame
That burn'd around the sun's descending throne
In one long splendour through the casement came,
Tinging the sofa's silk, the Parian stone,
The pictures' sculptured frames, that partial shone
Through that rich dusk, around the forms divine,
By MIND upon the Italian canvas thrown;
Like the carved pillars of an eastern mine;
The Indian's treasure-cave, and Vishnu's holy shrine.

The beam swept round, till its full glory fell
Upon an idol's, yet a woman's form;
Her eye upon the sun, as if some spell
For life had on it fix'd the lofty charm.
She had been painting;—and her snowy arm
Hung, pausing o'er the picture, like a ray;
Her opening lip, her delicate cheek seem'd warm
With Inspiration's fires;—till parting day
Veil'd her in purple shades; and all sank soft away.

ON A GRAVE AT WATERLOO.

Ω ξειν', αγγειλον Λακεδαιμονιοις, ὁτι τῇδε
Κειμεθα, τοις κεινων ῥημασι πειθομενοι.

INSCRIPTION AT THERMOPYLÆ.

STRANGER, though here no laurel wave,
Here sleeps the bravest of the brave:
And never earth saw obsequies
Like his who in this green turf lies.
The might of nations rushing here
Beheld him close his high career;
The sound in which he long'd to die,
Rose mingled with his dying cry;

* "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians, that we lie here, in obedience to their laws."

Earth shook, the heavens were wrapt in gloom,
The hour that laid him in the tomb;
And the world heard, from shore to shore,
The shout that told, the rite was o'er.

The forms that stood the grave beside
Were France and England's warrior-pride!
The gale that caught his dying sigh
Thunder'd with England's victory!
And the last shout the heavens that tore
Was France's blood-extinguish'd roar!

ON A PORTRAIT,

BY MASQUERIER,

OF A LADY STANDING BEFORE A GLASS.

SHE WAS THEN DYING OF A CONSUMPTION.

She looks within the mirror, and her form
Is from its dazzling crystal given again
In living beauty; yet a hueless charm
Is on the lip; the blue pellucid vein
Wanders across a brow, where silent pain
Sheds paleness on its polish'd ivory.
The crimson of that cheek has felt the stain
Of tears, that flow'd unseen by human eye,
As from her pillow rose her midnight prayer—to die.

And so she died,—in early beauty died,
A violet by its first soft shower decay'd:
A flash of radiance on life's changing tide,
Just seen and loved, and sunk in evening's shade;
A young sweet star, just rising, but to fade;
And this fair image smiling in sad bloom
On her, so soon in quiet to be laid,
Looks like her angel, in its meekness come,
To tell her of the tomb, her calm, her hallow'd tomb.

INSCRIPTION ON AN URN.

Thou loveliest of the lovely, where
Is thy bright spirit gone?
Where is thy gentle throne;
In what sweet and silver sphere?

Tell me, my Helena, that I
All night on thee may gaze,
And know thy temple's blaze
From all the splendours of the sky.

Oh! if the loved in death return,
To love and look upon
The pale, heart-broken one,
Who weeps at midnight o'er their urn;

Tell me, when on the blissful air
They stoop, that I may be
Found fit to welcome thee,
With hands and heart upraised in prayer.

Or art thou changed, and to mine eye
A thing invisible;
Wrapp'd in the unpierced veil
Of holy immortality?

No,—thou wilt stoop to earth no more,
Thy glory were profaned
By thoughts to earth still chain'd:
My HELENA,—thy trial 's o'er.

And I will follow thee above.
Life's bitterness is past,
The world is fading fast,
Time has no chains for wedded love!

SEGUIDILLA.

THE more laborious poetry of Spain is generally disfigured by extravagances that may be a portion of its Saracen ancestry. But its trivial songs have sometimes a mixture of feeling and originality, scarcely inferior to the Greek. Those, however, are perhaps beyond translation.

" Apetece tres cosas
El Amor ", &c.

TO LOVE.

YOUNG Tyrant of the bow and wings,
Thy altar asks three precious things;

The heart's, the world's most precious three,
Courage, and Time, and Constancy!
And Love must have them all, or none:
By Time he 's wearied, but not won;
He shrinks from Courage hot and high;
He laughs at tedious Constancy;
But all his raptures, tender, true, sublime,
Are given to Courage, Constancy, and Time.

NAPOLEON.

1820.

I HATE thee, England! Not that thou
Hast flung me where I perish now:
Not that thy hand has stampt my name
On valour's lips a scoff and shame;
But that I see, and cursing see,
Thy soil, the Temple of the free,
Land of th' unconquerable mind,
Still Champion, Sovereign of mankind!

I hate thee, that thy matchless throne
Shadows no slave on earth, but one;

That one, Earth's ban and scorn, the slave
That moulders in this dungeon-cave.
And shall no after legend tell
The glorious strife in which he fell:
When rushing with his bosom gored
Upon the shrinking victor's sword,
The hero sent his dying groan
In sounds like monarchies undone.
Heaven! when in fire my eagles flew
O'er thy red torrent, Waterloo,
Had I but in the turning tide
Plunged my dishonour'd head, and died!
O had I but the heart to die!
I fled—my legions saw me fly.—
Now,—where yon billow darkly dashes,
Must sleep the coward Exile's ashes;
After many a shapeless day,
Wasted, weary, worn away,
After many an agony
Crowding on the sleepless eye;

Till, by the living world forgot,
Nor regicide's nor rebel's thought
Glancing tow'rds the distant wave,
Where earthward bent, in dull decay
The ancient Exile wastes away—
I leave the prison for the grave!

And my old murderers one by one
Sink from me, left alone—alone!
Like me with passing splendours curst
And but for me, in evil first.
Tost from a felon's streaming bier,
Sleeps shroudless, base LABEDOYERE;
Defiling with his gore the clay,
Feasts the slow worm the Traitor NEY;
And MURAT'S blazing remnants gave
Pollution to the Italian wave.
Fool!—on whose brow the royal ring
I flung in mockery—to fling
Contempt upon the name of king.

The peasant musket laid him low,
His knell is rung; what is he now!
His life in guilt—his end in fear,
Spain howling vengeance in his ear,
So sank the man of massacre.
So shall they perish, one and all,
The bloodier rise, the bloodier fall;
Each in his turn of terror laid
Beneath the bullet or the blade;
And every quivering slave shall die
Concocting on his lip the lie,
Spurn'd from life, yet loath to part,
Telling of his loyal heart,
Winding up with weep and wail
His falsehood, idle, odious, stale.

Oh! for the storm of woe and crime,
That swept me upwards once, sublime;
When cunning claim'd, what chance achieved,
'Till the wild dream myself deceived,

Half deem'd of more than mortal birth,
Or earthborn, but to trample earth;
A cloud, earth's evil to absorb,
Then stoop in lightnings on its orb;
A planet, from its centre hurl'd,
To dazzle and to waste the world;
A sceptred, desperate, demon thing,
Let loose for mankind's suffering,
While earth my fiery transit eyed,
Trembled, believed, and deified.

'Tis past—the crown in slaughter worn,
From my dark brow in wrath was torn;
I lived—to bear fate's basest blow,
To cower before my proudest foe;—
I lived—by drops my cup to drain,
The rabble's laugh—the den, the chain;
To kiss the dust, and fawn and whine
For added days to days like mine.
Till treason, murder, regicide,
All that was born of man and pride,

Turn'd from their recreant Chief in shame;
'Till, ere I perish'd, died my name,
'Till in this den of rock and wave,
All left NAPOLEON to the grave!

THE

WINTER'S EVENING.

FROM THE GREEK.

"Κοπτομενη πνοιαις τε και αῤῥηκτοισι χαλαζαις."

THEOCR.

THE sun is sinking in the fiery west;
  The clouds are rushing on their wild, wet wings;
The lightning, like an eagle from its nest,
  In dazzling circles round the mountain springs;
  The groaning forest in the whirlwind swings,
Strewing the marble cliffs with branches hoar;
  With cries of startled wolves the valley rings:
And when the sullen sounds of earth are o'er,
Ocean lifts up his voice, and thunders on the shore.

Now close the portal!—'T is the hour of hours!
Though ancient Winter lords it o'er the sky,
And the snow thickens on our leafless bowers;
For now the few we love on earth are nigh.
Ianthe! shall the livelong eve pass by
Without one song from that red lip of thine?
Come, fill the bowls, and heap the faggots high!
To birds and flowers let Summer's morning shine,
To nobler man alone the Winter eve 's divine.

AN ÆSTUARY.

A CALM EVENING.

Look on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers,—but to come again,
And die in music!—There, the bending skies
See all their stars,—and the beach-loving trees,
Osiers and willows, and the watery flowers,
That wreathe their pale roots round the ancient stones,
Make pictures of themselves!

MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE NEAR A LIGHT-HOUSE.

It is the witching hour. The Night
Sits on her cold, meridian height.
And the starry troops are seen
Camping round their ancient queen.
Till upon the Eastern zone
Ascends a rival to her throne.
And the pearly, lunar horn
Shines, but a more silent morn.

Now the hamlet sounds are o'er
Peasant laugh and closing door,

And the lazy-ebbing tide
Glistening leaves the seabeach wide.
Yet ever and anon the ear
Listens, with no unpleased fear,
To the dreamy echoes deep
Sighed from the earth's mysterious sleep
The heavings of the elm and oak
As if a spirit in them spoke;
Drowsy sheep-bells, and the chime
Where the distant turrets climb;
Or the hum of waggoner,
Singing, his slow team to cheer;
Mingled with the watch-dog's bark,
Warning rovers of the dark;
Or the bell of midnight toll'd
Dreary o'er the churchyard mould.

But above my casement, wound
With every flower that 's sweetest found
On heathy hill or blossom'd mead,
By the virgin's May-morn tread;

I see one sleepless, earthly star
Shoot its wild splendours free and far,
Defying night, and cloud, and shower,
The meteor of yon seashore tower.

Now, from ocean comes the gale,
Mix'd with what might seem a wail;
Where some gallant company
Look their last upon the sky.
Folding in its fleecy cloud
The turret, like an idol proud
Glaring in his Indian cave
Over prostrate prince and slave.
Now, afar the mist is blown,
And the ruddy blaze is thrown
Where along the slumbering tide
The anchor'd ships like dolphins ride;
Touching into woofs of light
Sail and shroud, and pennant slight;
Hanging on the village spire
Tissues sweet of azure fire,

And with fairy colour'd gleam
Gilding the sweet-tinkling stream,
That beneath the hawthorn-brake
Glitters, like a summer snake,
To where my lowly cottage roof
Hides, from the worldly din aloof,
Nestling in the fragrant twine
Of bushy rose and jessamine.

Now around me, and beneath,
All is slumber, still as death;
In my hand some pale, proud page
Of mankind's high heroic age,
By divinest Virgil sung,
On his Mantuan lilies flung;
Or the lovelorn poet,—he
Who pined by the Propontis' sea;
Or the strain that Sappho wept,
Ere she to her death-bed swept.
Or that Pindar's eagle wing
Dash'd, immortal from the string.

Then, in fancy's wayward fit,
I turn to Chaucer's mystic wit;
And in his old, enchanted glass,
See pilgrim, nun, and warrior pass;
Rosy smiles beneath the hood,
Steel-clad bosoms love-subdued,
Tonsured crowns, with roving eye,
All the old-world pageantry!

Or the blacken'd tome unhasp,
Shrined in brazen fold and clasp,
Where in the more than midnight veil
Tells old Alchemy her tale,
Secrets of a darker sphere,
Making the flesh shrink to hear!
How the mighty sigil tamed
The Spirit, while he raved and flamed;
Round the guarded circle wan
Rushing still with wilder ban,
Shaking from his dragon wings
Poisons, and all monstrous things;

Till within the crucible
Star-bright rose the master-spell,
And symphonies of earth and air
Told the "Gem of gems" was there!

Or, with curious vision mazed,
I trace the monkish scroll, emblazed
With gorgeous hues, and emblems high,
Legends of church and chivalry;
Kneeling saints, and prelates old,
Monarchs, silk and ermine stol'd,
Cup and crosier, helm and targe,
Cluster'd on the dazzling marge!
While that dazzling marge within
Slumber blindness, pride, and sin.

Thus bewitch'd the moments sweep,
Till the honey-pinion'd sleep,
With his pleasant murmuring,
Seems in my drowzed ear to ring;
And round my old, romantic nook
I cast a superstitious look,

As the woodbine's breezy train
Waves across my rustic pane,
And, to fancy's clouded gaze,
Bluer winks the taper's blaze:
Nurse-taught things, that stamp the brain,
Though sullen reason call them vain!
Then, shook off my ghostly fear,
I watch the beacon's flaming sphere;
Or, with awed, thought-wandering eye,
Gaze on the blue Infinity;
Where, before he treads the tomb,
Man beholds the WORLD TO COME.

Thus charm'd dizziness, unchid,
Alights upon my drooping lid;
And, with due accustom'd prayer,
Is closed the daily count of care;
And the heart is lapp'd in dreams,
Fann'd by fresh, flower-breathing steams
Through the open casement sent;
Till Aurora's Eastern tent

Flames with chequer'd rose and gold,
And the radiant clouds are roll'd
Before the solar chariot-yoke,
Like a Persian army broke:
And before his fiery car
Fades and flies the twilight star.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

2 a
3 383 D

MAY 1971
WESBY